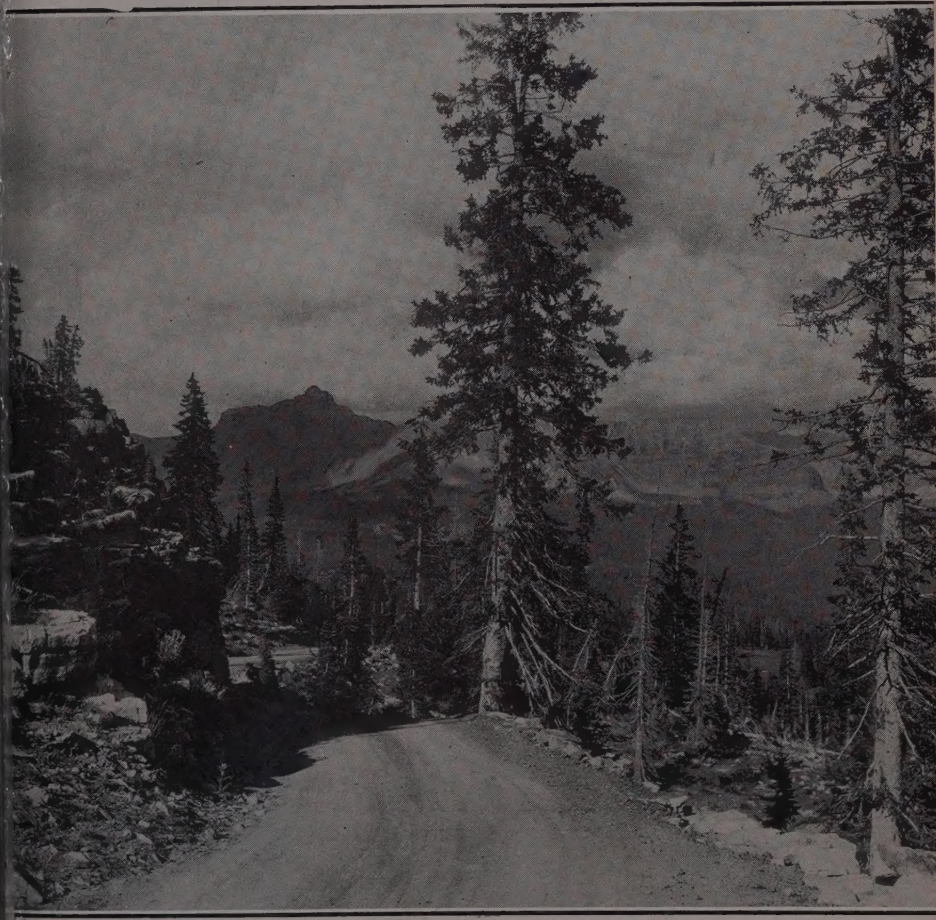
The Relief Society Magazine



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Vol. 32 JUNE 1945 No. 6

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741. Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

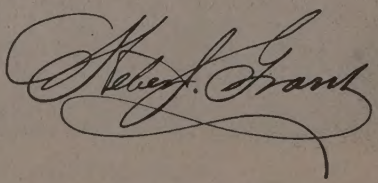
Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

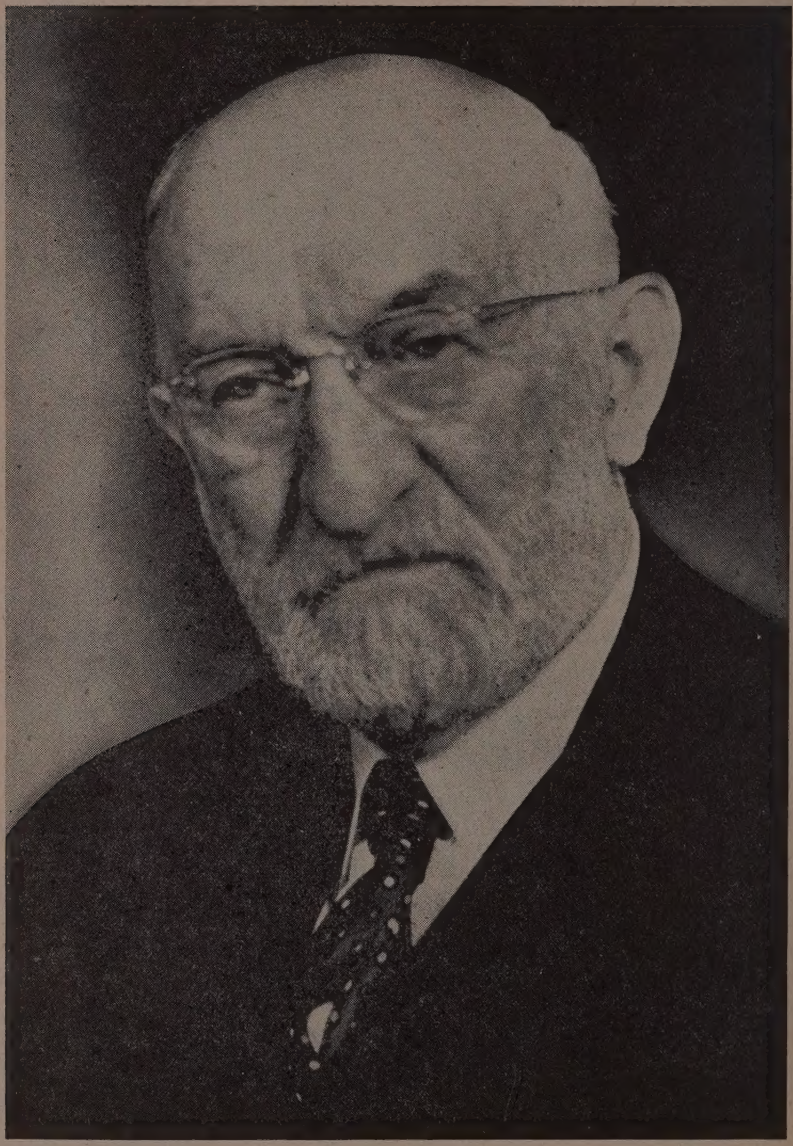
MAGAZINE CIRCULATION, 72,000

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 32, NO. 6 JUNE 1945

IT has been my privilege to bear my testimony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Sweden, Denmark; in Canada and Mexico; in the Hawaiian Islands and in far-off Japan, that I know as I know I live, that God lives. I have approached Him in prayer time and time again, and my prayers have been answered beyond question of a doubt. I know that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God, the Redeemer of the world; that He came to earth with a divinely appointed mission to die upon the cross for the sins of mankind. I know as I know that I live that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, and that his declaration that we should be driven from city to city, from county to county, state to state, and finally to the Rocky Mountains has been literally fulfilled.





PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT
Seventh President Of The Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter-day Saints
Born Nov. 22, 1856 — Died May 14, 1945

In Memoriam

President Heber J. Grant

Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

SURROUNDED by his family and immediate associates President Heber J. Grant passed peacefully away at his home on Eighth Avenue, Salt Lake City, at 6:35 P.M., May 14. Thus ended one of the most remarkable careers in the history of this people.

While in California, five years ago, the President suffered a severe stroke which paralyzed his left side. He rallied from this stroke but never completely recovered the use of his leg or arm. This made it difficult for him to get around and impaired his health, but he has been able to sign letters and pass upon important matters up to within less than a week of the last.

This coming November he would have been eighty-nine years of age. He carried the weight of many years cheerfully and courageously. His career has been a long and marvelous one. While his life was an open book, it required an intimate contact with him to appreciate the finer qualities of his nature, to understand the nobility of his character, the greatness of his heart, the tenderness and generosity of his shining soul.

Literally thousands of people have been the recipients of his favors, of gifts and remembrances which have greatly endeared him to their hearts. No other man of his means has been more generous to widows, to orphans, to those overtaken with misfortune or sorrow. He has gone! What a cloud of witnesses will rise up and bless his memory forever.

His life has been a record of service to others. He was strikingly unselfish, pure in heart, sincere and lofty in purpose, constant in his loyalty to his friends, his country and his Creator. All of his endowments, and they were of a most superior order, were imbedded in a deep spirituality which gave direction and effectiveness to the dynamic energy which was so characteristic of him.

His life was a delightful definition of true religion. He was cultured in mind, refined in manner, ripened in judgment, tranquil in spirit, inherently honest and transparently frank. He had that nobility of soul, that generosity of spirit, that greatheartedness that distinguishes one truly great. The story of his youthful achievements will never dim. They will endure for all time as noble traditions among this people. His name will shine forever as an example of the sterling virtues of industry, patience, and perseverance. Whether playing baseball, mastering penmanship, helping banks or building

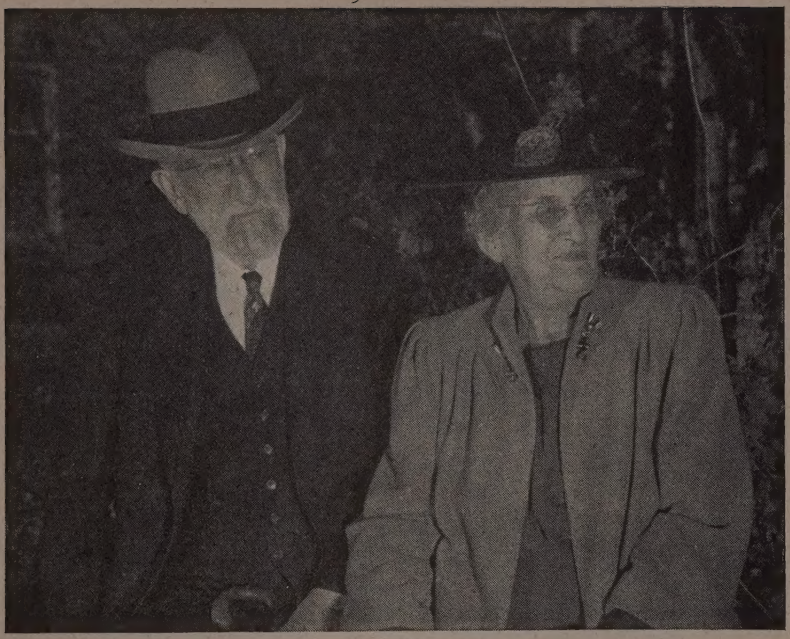
RACHEL RIDGEWAY IVINS GRANT AND HER SON HEBER

This picture was taken on the ninth birthday of President Grant.

sugar factories—he achieved his end.

His life covered a long span of eventful years. Ox teams and covered wagons were familiar in the streets of Salt Lake when he was a boy. The Pony Express, the telegraph, the railroad, the high-powered motor car, the radio, the airplane—all came in his day and he kept step with the great march of human progress. The generation of men with whom he started has gone—they will greet him joyfully on the other side.

He was a friend maker. In all parts of the world he won the warm and enduring friendship of eminent men. The greatest tribute ever paid to a living citizen of Utah was paid to President Grant on his 82d



PRESIDENT AND SISTER HEBER J. GRANT

birthday by five hundred of the leading men of this State, and this was a spontaneous expression of esteem and affection for the President as a great citizen.

He was a great son of a great mother. The memory of his mother glowed in his soul and gladdened his life to the end of his days. He paid this tribute to her:

"I live today in the eightieth year of my life as one whose mother was all to me. She set an example of integrity, of devotion and love, and of determination and honor second to none. Her life was a sermon that rings through my soul to this day. One of the main reasons I am President of the Church today is that I have followed the advice and counsel and the burning testimony of the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, which came to me from my mother."

His wife, Augusta Winters Grant, who survives him, possesses the same unruffled serenity that the President's mother possessed. She is a brilliant and cultured woman who has in every way sustained her distinguished husband whose devotion to her was beautiful.

President Grant was a great leader of a great cause—a prophet inspired of Heaven—who taught by example, who practiced first and then preached, who led the way and the people cheerfully followed. Permeating his words and motivating his actions was a zeal for the truth, a love for God and humanity. He

lived long, abundantly, purposefully —devoting his great energies to exalted ends, and died peacefully. It is hard to think of him in the past. The world seems lonely without him. We believed in him, enjoyed him, loved him, and we shall cherish his memory forever.

I have urged upon the people, and have been called a crank for so doing, the observance of the Word of Wisdom and I expect to continue to be a crank in that respect to the end of my life. I am converted beyond the shadow of a doubt that no man or woman in this Church who does not observe the Word of Wisdom can grow and increase in a knowledge and testimony of the gospel as he or she could otherwise do.—President Heber J. Grant, June 25, 1932.

I will ask no man to be more liberal with his means according to his ability, for the upbuilding of the Church, than I myself shall be; I will ask no man to be more strict in the observance of the Word of Wisdom than I am willing to be; I will ask no man to be more conscientious and prompt in the payment of his tithes and offerings than myself; I will ask no man to be more ready and willing to come early and go late and to give more of his time and talents to the work of the Lord than I am willing to do and to give.—President Heber J. Grant, 89th Annual General Conference, June 1919.

REMEMBER THIS

Vesta Pierce Crawford

The hands lose all they ever held,
Each thing they grasped is lost,
But the heart keeps all it gained
Against the fire and frost.

The 115th Annual General Conference

Elder Joseph J. Cannon

First Assistant General Superintendent, Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association

THE one hundred fifteenth anniversary of the Church was celebrated with the smallest conference but most potent Priesthood representation since the saints came to the Valley nearly a century ago. If President Heber J. Grant, sitting in his nearby home with a special wire carrying the proceedings to him, could be reckoned as being there, and every man in the conference felt very close to him, then the general authorities could be counted as being all present.

The weather was favorable. Spring gave three beautiful days and relapsed into winter only after the conference was over.

This gathering represented the largest membership the Church has had. Nearly a million persons (954,004) are on its books. The rapid growth is understood when we take into account the conversions (5,493) and the astonishing ratio of births to deaths (5.65 to 1).

During 1944, the Church distributed in missionary work, allowances to stakes and wards, welfare, education, maintenance and renovation of buildings, genealogical and other work ($8,270,653).

To fill the vacancies in the Council of the Seventy caused by the deaths of Samuel O. Bennion and Rufus K. Hardy, Seymour Dilworth Young and Milton R. Hunter were sustained. Brother Young is a grandson of President Seymour B. Young, who for many years was senior president of the Council, and a great-grandson of President Brigham Young. Both of the new presidents have spent their mature lives in guiding youth.

To the readers of this *Magazine* a most interesting event was the change in the presidency of the Relief Society, treated fully in the May issue. Sister Amy Brown Lyman, eighth president, completes her faithful service, and Sister Belle S. Spafford, the ninth, takes over. What beautiful examples of womanhood the heads of this great institution have been.

The outstanding event of the proceedings was unquestionably the message of President Grant. It was characteristic in language and content, and in the intensity of his admonition to faith and righteousness. As always his heart is tender for the young and their problems. He said:

> I wish to impress upon the workers in all the organizations of the Church, the need for laboring prayerfully, untiringly, and diligently at this time to persuade the youth of Zion to be more faithful, more diligent in all their obligations and responsibilities, in safeguarding their virtue, and in observing what is known as the Word of Wisdom.

Especially is the President solicitous for those in the armed service:

Our hearts, our thoughts, and our prayers go out to those who are in the armed forces. It would appear from all the figures we can gather, that more than one hundred thousand of our young men are in the service of their country, in uniform. We pray for them continually. We pray for the preservation of their lives and for their faithfulness to those things which are dearer than life. . . .

Young men of Zion, when you return to your homes, return with clean hands and clean hearts—and great will be your happiness, your faith, and your testimony. Your brethren and your loved ones cherish you, pray for you, and await the day of your coming.

And I pray with all my heart that if there are those who have made mistakes, that they will repent; and by this we may know that they have repented—that they will confess their sins and depart from them.

What the President called his keynote, and it has certainly been the keynote of his life, is given in the following stirring plea:

There is but one path of safety to the Latter-day Saints, and that is the path of duty. It is not a testimony only; it is not marvelous manifestations; it is not knowing that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true, that it is the plan of salvation—it is not actually knowing that the Savior is the Redeemer, and that Joseph Smith was his prophet that will save you and me; but it is the keeping of the commandments of God, living the life of a Latter-day Saint.

I pray constantly for all the officers of this Church, whether in the priesthood or in the auxiliary associations. I am sure, in my secret prayers particularly, that I never forget, morning or night, those that have been called to preside, to direct the affairs in the priesthood quorums and in the auxiliary associations. My prayer is that each of you holding a place of responsibility shall so order your lives that they shall be examples of diligence and energy and of the Spirit of the Living God, that can be followed in every part by those over whom you preside.

If we do this, what a wonderful power we shall have with the Lord in the furtherance of his mighty purposes in the earth. If we keep his commandments, our influence will be not only with the world, but with our own young people. Their strength and power will be multiplied if we shall succeed in having them feel the necessity of observing the commandments of God, particularly concerning the principles of clean and righteous living.

I say to all Latter-day Saints: Keep the commandments of God. That is my keynote—just these few words: KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD!

President Clark conducted the conference, and his brief and sound commentaries on the proceedings at a number of the sessions were impressive and timely. Foreseeing, as he does, the time when food will be needed by the people, he spoke earnestly of a matter that is dear to his heart:

The Welfare Plan, which I once more repeat is not the United Order, but is motivated by the same lofty and divine principles and purposes that underlay the Order, has now been in operation nine years. Through the blessings of the Lord and the faithfulness of the people, it has steadily grown and expanded its activities during the whole period, and it stands today stronger than ever before in its operation.

Its opponents have not destroyed and cannot destroy it, so long as the Lord blesses it and faithful members support it. . .

However, if you refuse to aid, if you refuse to receive the blessings of joy and satisfaction which come from treading along the ways the Lord points out, we should point out to you that the Welfare Plan has lived and we feel certain it will live so long as the Lord continues to give his blessings to the Plan, and so long as the loyal, faithful members of the Church support it. But for your sakes we should rejoice beyond measure in your assistance.

In one of his discourses, President McKay turned the attention of the people to the serious increase of di-

vorce that is occurring in the world and from which the Latter-day Saints are not free. It is, however, encouraging to know that, as President McKay explained, the divorce rate among this people is only a third as high as that in the nation. He also called attention to the fact that marriages, among our people, performed in the temple and by the officers of the Church, are much more stable than those performed by civil officers. He stated:

In the light of scripture, we are justified in concluding that Christ's ideal pertaining to marriage is the unbroken home, and conditions that cause divorce are violations of his divine teachings.

There may be circumstances which make the continuance of the marriage state a greater evil than divorce. But these are extreme cases—they are the mistakes, the calamities in the realm of marriage. . . .

Marriage is a sacred relationship entered into for purposes that are well recognized —primarily for the rearing of a family. It is claimed by some careful observers that our present modern life tends to frustrate these purposes. . . .

The marriage ceremony, when sealed by the authority of the holy priesthood, endures as do family relationships, throughout time and all eternity.

THE Church of the Air over the Columbia Broadcasting System had as its speaker President George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve. His plea, made in great earnestness, was for repentance, individual and national. In this program and the regular broadcast that preceded it, sweet and impressive music of the Tabernacle Choir and organ was heard.

Following are thoughts expressed during the conference by the speakers:

Heaven's morning is bursting upon men's lives and they are feeling the hope that is beyond the grave.

You mothers and sweethearts, take these men when they return wounded in spirit, and heal them.

God is so good we can hardly conceive the extent of his goodness. God is so just we can hardly understand the depth of his justice.

A non-member can have the blessings that come through honesty and the clean life, but no one can speak in the name of the Lord or hold Priesthood except he have membership in the Church.

The saints have three most important obligations—missionary work, building up the stakes and wards of Zion, and doing work in the temple.

We are not landlords; we do not possess any part of this earth; we are tenants upon it.

When the boys come home, the Mutual Improvement Association will have a greater responsibility than it has ever had before.

No one should be idle at any age but industrious in spiritual as well as in temporal things, never burying his talent.

Let nothing be laid at your door that would start anyone on the path of desecrating the Sabbath day.

What peace would come to the earth if men would seek to know and do the will of God.

The word "must" is not in our vocabulary. We are to persuade.

I have never found a greater asset than the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The boys who have stayed clean are the ones who have had correspondence with their Priesthood quorums.

The gospel is not a substitution of something else for the lofty principles of Christianity, but a refinement of them and new vitality in them.

Let us build our stakes as a refuge from the storms of adversity the Lord has said would come to the earth.

May God be with those who meet at San Francisco, may they be humble, that human destiny on this good earth may be safe and beautiful.

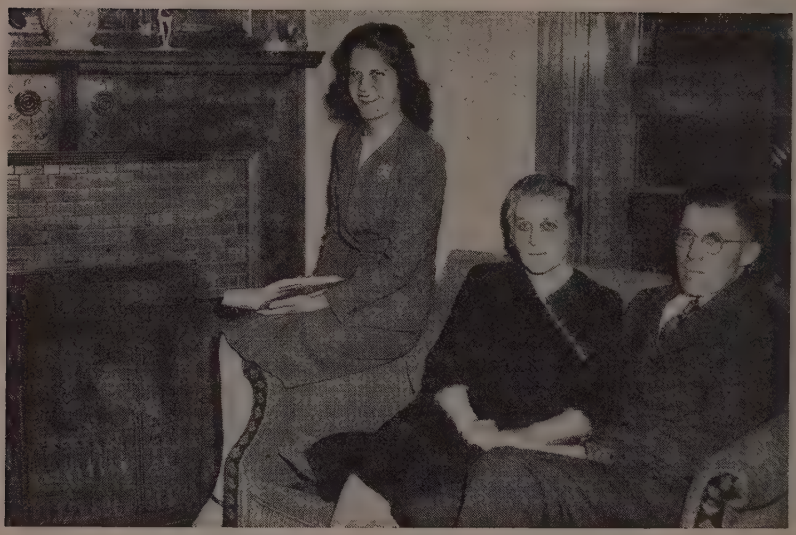
One of the best ways to drive out fear is to work hard in God's service.

We claim no pre-eminence in physical

(Concluded on page 371)

Seymour Dilworth Young

Pearl O. Allred



THE SEYMOUR DILWORTH YOUNG FAMILY

Seated from left to right: Lenore, Gladys Pratt Young, Elder Seymour Dilworth Young. A son, Dilworth Randolph, was killed in action in Belgium, October 25, 1944

SEYMOUR DILWORTH YOUNG comes to his new calling trained and grounded in missionary work by the very man whose place he has been appointed to fill, for he served as secretary to Elder Samuel O. Bennion in the Central States Mission for three years.

When S. Dilworth Young—"Dil" to his many friends—became a member of the Seventy on April 6, 1945, he must have sensed, above the sound of congratulatory speeches, a wordless protest from his own home town. For while adults said sagely, "He's the man for the position," scores of Ogden boys looked at each other in honest bewilderment and said, "How can we do without him?"

They began remembering things. Long summer hikes to Monte Cristo. The taste of spring water in dusty throats. Night and stars and the comfort of a sleeping bag. The smell of wood smoke in the early morning. An evening campfire, and Dil Young leading them on in happy song, or weaving quiet magic for them out of old legends.

To these boys their scout executive has always been something of a hero. He has managed to endow what might have been routine scouting with a sense of high adventure,

and to give meaning and excitement to the commonplace.

If he has seemed at times, along the trail, a kind of glorified Kit Carson, the boys know, too, that he has in him more than a dash of Thoreau. There is a reflective, a poetic side, to Dil Young which has helped the most impatient and reckless among his charges to think, as well as do. It has taught them to look for beauty in unlikely places and to build qualities of greatness into their hearts and minds.

Dil's friends need not ask what activities have brought him greatest satisfaction during the past twenty-two years. They have seen him at work sixteen hours a day, more often than not, rugged and bronzed in the summer as he shuttles between Camp Kiesel and Camp Browning, occupied endlessly in the winter with all the intricate problems of planning and organization his position demands.

They will tell you he has a great power for indignation against the mean and the shoddy, and an uncompromising hatred of a lie. But he has, too, the gift of laughter and a quick sympathy. It seems safe to predict that the new work he is just beginning will be quickened by the zest for life which is so characteristic of him, that whatever he does will take buoyancy from his own spirit, and strength from his unquenchable youth.

OLD GLORY

Grace M. Candland

Spread thy lovely folds, Old Glory,

So that all may read the story,

Send thy message near and far—

Red and white and heavenly star.

To a fevered, war-torn world

Keep thy light of hope unfurled,

Over land and over sea

Wave on and on, Flag of the Free.

Milton R. Hunter

Elder Daryl Chase

Director of Latter-day Saint Institute, Logan, Utah

THE MILTON R. HUNTER FAMILY

Left to right: Linda, Ferne Gardner Hunter, Milton Reed, Margaret, Lois Anne, Alison, Elder Milton R. Hunter

IT gives me great pleasure to introduce the Hunter family to the readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Let us start with the wife. Sister Ferne Hunter is the daughter of Brother and Sister James H. Gardner of Lehi, Utah. I met her for the first time in an English class at the University of Utah. I well remember that she was a very attractive young woman at that time, just as she is a very attractive matron at the present. And as a young college girl she was an outstanding student just as she is an outstanding mother and wife today. At the present time she is a member of the Cache Stake Relief Society Board, and the class leader in theology in the Logan Ninth Ward. President Hunter has many honors to his credit, a few of which I shall point out later, but I am sure that all of his close friends will agree with me that one of the highest achievements of his life was winning Ferne Gardner for his wife.

They were married in the Logan Temple in 1931 and are the parents of the following children: Milton Reed, age 12; Margaret, 10; Lois Anne, 7; Linda, 4; and Alison, 1.

President Hunter, who was sustained a member of the First Coun-

cil of Seventy, April 6, 1945, is the son of John E. and Margaret Hunter of Holden, Utah, at which place he was born October 25, 1902. I have known him since his graduate days at the University of California. During the past two years his office has been adjoining mine, and we have worked together very intimately seven days of each week. All who know him well, know that the following statements are true: No teacher ever had a greater love for his students and the gospel. His loyalty to the Church from early youth until the present time has been of the highest. I have never known a more industrious man. I do not know any person of his age in the Church who has published more books and articles or taught more classes in religion than Dr. Hunter.

The students and faculty of the Logan Institute rejoice in his promotion, knowing that his industry and talents are now called to serve the Church at large. However, all who know the service which Brother and Sister Hunter have rendered the Church in this area deeply regret to see them move from our midst.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt Passes

PRESIDENT Franklin Delano Roosevelt died suddenly at Warm Springs, Georgia, on Thursday, April 12, 1945. He had entered upon his fourth term as President of the United States in January 1945. We reprint the statement issued by the First Presidency following his death:

> The President has gone. His passing will be mourned by many millions, many of whom have regarded his course as divinely inspired. He has lived in, indeed has been himself a part of, one of the great crises of the world's history, during which opposing political and economic ideologies have striven for mastery. History will give him his proper place and his due measure of greatness. He had devoted, almost fanatical friends, and bitter, implacable enemies, but all will grant him the meed of enthusiasm for his policies, determination for their carrying out, and the highest courage in the presence of physical handicaps of which he rarely spoke and which he brought into subjection to an all but indomitable will. He, in common with all mankind, has this great blessing: he will be judged righteously by the Lord and rewarded for the good he accomplished. We extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved loved ones and friends.
>
> April 12, 1945

Vice-President Harry S. Truman was sworn in as President of the United States by Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone in the White House at 7:08 on the evening of the day President Roosevelt died.

Contest Announcements—1945

THE Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests. Since the contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of the contests in no way precludes winning in the other.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1945. Three prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	$20
Second prize	$15
Third prize	$10

Prize poems will be published in the January 1946 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the Contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board, and employees of the Relief Society General Board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted certifying:*

a. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
b. That it has never been published.
c. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other persons with a view to publication.
d. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1945.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1945 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1945.

Three prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	$35
Second prize	$25
Third prize	$15

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1946. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the Contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

b. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

c. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two successive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all stories selected for place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1945.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

We'll Live Those Days Again

Centennial Commission
Gus P. Backman, Executive Secretary

Written at the Request of the Church Beautification Committee

WHILE the uncertainties of war have entered into every phase of every life, be it the life of the individual, the family, the community or the state, one thing is certain, the one-hundredth anniversary of Utah, its Centennial year, will be celebrated in 1947.

Even under wartime conditions, if the war should persist until 1947, there will be an appropriate celebration of the anniversary. The Utah Centennial Commission, under the chairmanship of President David O. McKay, has assured that, and the setting aside of a possible $200,000 for the 1945-46-47 biennium by the 26th Utah Legislature has implemented that assurance.

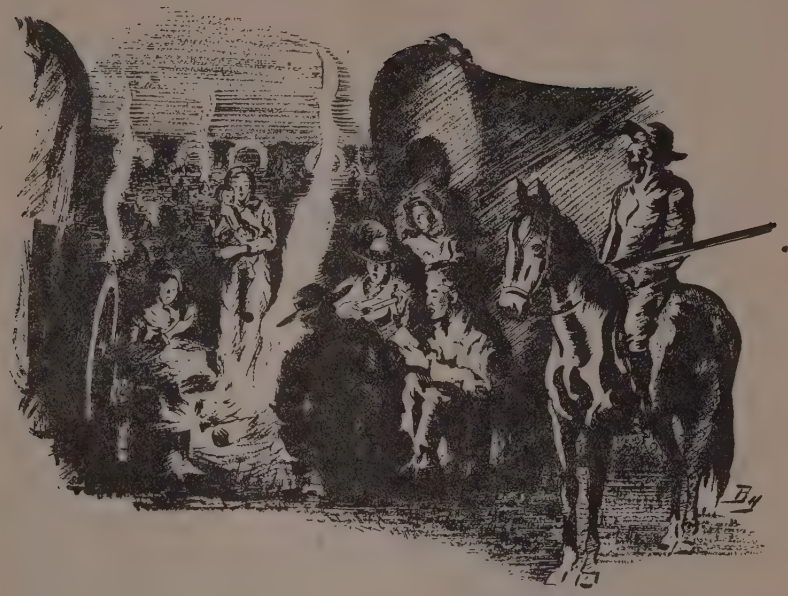
Due to wartime conditions, plans for the Centennial celebration necessarily must be fluid. They must be made with such care that they can be changed quickly to meet the stupendous and instantaneous changes in conditions induced by the developments in warfare. They must also endeavor to carry to the nation and the world the heroic tale, the saga of the Utah pioneers—that little band of Latter-day Saints who fought the elements, the Indians, and every adverse condition to find in Utah their haven for freedom of religious worship.

With conditions most uncertain, with the possibility that travel to Utah by outsiders in 1947 may be almost non-existent, and with the chance for a national or international exposition in the State absolutely impossible because of building restrictions and shortages, the Centennial Commission, appointed by the Governor of Utah, has turned to other means of telling the world of the historic tale of Utah.

The Commission, therefore, has developed a new plan of observance of the celebration. It embodies: (1) a national publicity program calling the attention of the nation to the observance of Utah's Centennial; and (2) the development in all sections of the State of a program which will acquaint the people of the State with a proper background of its historical significance.

The program, originally projected under wartime conditions, is aimed at that two-fold purpose. To call the attention of the nation to the Utah Centennial, State assistance will be given in an effort to bring every national event, every publicity-wise happening to the State during 1947. Included are:

National PGA golf championships, national Clay Court championships, national slalom ski championships, national ski cross-country championships; national ski jumping championships, national rodeo championship in four major events, nationally famous football, basketball, track and field events, and oth-



"WE'LL LIVE THOSE DAYS AGAIN"

er nationally famous events such as livestock championships, music festivals, minor sports events of national importance and others.

Locally, the Commission envisions the promotion of such events as are typical of Utah, including the Tabernacle Choir, the Zion Park passion play, the Timpanogos hike, the development of the Great Salt Lake area, the story of the Mormon pioneers, and the promotion of Utah's scenic, recreational, and vacational assets.

Thus, if traveling restrictions are lifted by 1947 for the general public, many may be attracted to the State. If they are still in force, through national events, nation-wide publicity may be obtained and, at the same time, the story of the development of Utah industrially, culturally, religiously, and in business may be impressed upon the people of the State.

THERE are many facets to the celebration which are not yet developed. Actually under the State appropriations, the funds are not available until July 1, 1945. But, if war conditions permit, there are many events which are exceedingly interesting. For instance, if ODT regulations make it possible, and funds are available, there is a project to re-live the trek of the original pioneers across the plains. True to history, these modern pioneers will leave St. Joseph, Missouri, and follow the historic Mormon trail, hour by hour and day by day, re-living the life of the pioneers, making every one of the night stops, and holding services or camp-fire meetings just

(*Concluded on page 372*)

The New Latter-day Saint Hymn Book

Elder Tracy Y. Cannon

Chairman General Music Committee

A NEW hymn book, to be used in all adult meetings of the Church is in preparation by the General Music Committee in co-operation with an advisory committee from the Council of the Twelve. The new books will supersede the present *Latter-day Saints Hymns* and *Deseret Sunday School Songs*.

In addition to preserving those hymns that have been found to be of permanent value to the Church, the new hymn book will include some hymns with new music settings, a number of famous hymns from world-wide sources, and some original hymns, the words and music of which will be written by present-day writers and composers.

Already many local poets have graciously responded to the General Music Committee's invitation to send in hymns, and the Committee is deeply appreciative of their efforts.

It is now desired that music settings be made to some of the hymns, and composers are invited by the Advisory Committee of the Council of the Twelve and the General Music Committee to send in contributions according to the following suggestions:

1. The music is to be suitable in pitch, range, singableness and dignity for use by the congregations of the Church.

2. You are invited to make a music setting for any one of the poems here printed. (Please send in only one manuscript.)

3. Sign your manuscript with a nom de plume. Place your own name and address in a sealed envelope and write your nom de plume on the outside of the envelope. Enclose this with your manuscript.

4. Send the completed manuscript to Carol H. Cannon, Assistant Secretary, General Music Committee, 200 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 3, Utah, *not later than July 1st of this year.*

It is hoped that all musicians of our communities, schooled in the art of composition, will respond to this invitation.

Following are five hymns for which worthy music settings are desired:

SEE! ALL CREATION JOINS

See! all creation joins
To praise th' eternal God;
The heav'nly hosts begin the song,
And sound His name abroad.
The sun with golden beams,
The moon with silver rays,
The starry lights and twinkling flames,
Shine to their Maker's praise.

He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame,
By His command they stand or move,
And always speak His fame.
The fleecy clouds that rise,
Or following show'rs, or snow,
The thunder rolling round the skies,
His power and glory show.

The broad expanse on high,
With all the heav'ns afford,
The lightning's fire that streaks the sky,
Unite to praise the Lord.
By all that shines above,
His glory is expressed;
But Saints who know His endless love,
Should sing His praises best.

HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal,

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are:
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns in triumph here."

How blessed are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.

The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Its Saviour and its God.

SAVIOUR, REDEEMER OF MY SOUL

Saviour, Redeemer of my soul,
Whose mighty hand hath made me whole,
Whose wondrous pow'r hath raised me up,
And filled with sweet my bitter cup!
What tongue my gratitude can tell,
O gracious God of Israel.

Never can I repay Thee, Lord;
But I can love Thee. Thy pure word,
Hath it not been my one delight,
My joy by day, my dream by night?
Then let my lips proclaim it still,
And all my life reflect Thy will.

O'errule mine acts to serve Thine ends;
Change frowning foes to smiling friends;
Chasten my soul till I shall be
In perfect harmony with Thee.
Make me more worthy of Thy love,
And fit me for the life above.

MAY THE LORD GO WITH US

May the Lord go with us,
And with us abide
By His Holy Spirit
To direct and guide.
As from here we sever
Now, and still forever
May the Lord go with us
And with us abide.

May the Lord go with us,
And His tender love,
As a mantle o'er us,
Still our shelter prove;
Till with happy greeting,
We, in joyful meeting,
Lift again our voices
To the courts above.

May the Lord go with us,
Then are we secure;
Life or death befalling,
We can still endure;
With His arms enfolding—
To His promise holding,
We can travel onward,
Ever safe and sure.

LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW

Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Do not Thou our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let "the time of love" return.

Grant, we all may seek and find
Thee, our gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

And For Eternity

Olive Woolley Burt

CHAPTER I

DELSA came running into the house, her light brown curls flying in the wind, her blue eyes shining, her whole young body eager and confident, for Nellie Gibson, the postmaster's little girl, had said when she came back to school at noon, "Your ma was in for the mail, and there was a letter from Hugh Temple for you, Miss Delsa."

Her mother called from the kitchen, "There's a letter from Hugh on the table, dear!" and Delsa picked up the heavy gray envelope, scrawled across with Hugh's awkward handwriting.

She tore the envelope open, unfolded the gray sheets, and stood leaning lightly against the table, reading the words Hugh had written.

Her mother came to the kitchen door, interested, persistent, and said, "What does he say, Delsa? His mother's letter didn't come today—"

What did he say? Delsa's eyes stared at the letter in her hand. What could she say he said?

"Oh, nothing much—," and as her mother still stood there waiting, she added, forcing her lips to form the words, forcing her voice up through stiff muscles, "He's still in Australia—can't say where or what he is doing, of course. He's okay—" She turned and went swiftly from the room, up the stairs, before her mother's shrewd eyes could read her heart—could see the devastation there.

In her own room, she flung herself on the floor by the window and stared out. Across the lawn she could see Hugh's house, Hugh's very window. They'd strung string across the space when they were very small, string tied to Delsa's big toe, so that Hugh could yank it and awaken her to go fishing in the little stream that didn't have any fish in it. Later they'd rigged up a tin-can telephone so they could talk to each other in code.

What had Hugh written?

Nothing much, she had said. Just enough to wreck all the hopes and dreams of her whole twenty years; just enough to make the future a black waste with neither love nor joy in it.

DELSA stared at the envelope on her knees. There was no need to take out the scrawled sheets again; she knew just what they said —"Dear Delsa—I don't know how to say this—"

But he had said it. Hugh had said the words that ended everything. He wanted to break off their engagement. He'd found a girl, an Australian—oh, she was different from anything he'd ever dreamed, and his love for her was different. But he wouldn't marry her unless Delsa would absolve him of the promises he had made to her.

How like Hugh!

I consider those promises as binding as a marriage vow, Delsa. I meant them just as permanently when I made them. Only I didn't foresee this. And I won't write

to Mom about it. I feel like a heel, putting you in an awkward place like this, and I want you to handle it the way you think best. Tell them anything you wish. Both my Mom and yours are going to feel bad, I know. But they'll get over it—and so will you, Delsa, long before I have a chance to come home with my bride.

I don't expect you to forgive me, Delsa, but I hope you will forget, soon. Now I understand that was just a kid love—I still feel it for you—and when you meet someone you'll be glad this happened. I'll be waiting for your letter, Delsa. Be kind.

Delsa's lips grew bitter as she thought, Be kind, Hugh? How can one kill one's heart kindly?

And forget? Forget all those past years when she and Hugh had played together on the scraggly lawn between the two houses; when they'd eaten either at her place or his, without a thought of which was home; forget the affection that had bound them together, tight and brave against their little world?

As they had grown older and Hugh's widowed mother had struggled to keep Hugh in school and the little farm going while she cared for his little sister, crippled with polio, and as Delsa's father, twisted with arthritis had found it difficult to make ends meet even in their small town, the two children had found strength and joy in their companionship. At high school they had gone in for dramatics and the school paper and debate and had made a name and a place for themselves. Hugh had seen to it that Delsa went to all the school dances, had all the fun the other girls had, and Delsa had seen to it that Hugh was never ashamed of his girl.

They'd both worked so hard that they had won scholarships to the state university; and they had both tried to train themselves for worthwhile work in their little community—Delsa as a teacher, Hugh as a farmer.

Then the war had come, interrupting their plans. Hugh had had to leave his school and his home and Delsa.

"We could get married now, Delsa," he had said, "and have a little time together before I leave. But—" the frown had deepened between his dark brows, and Delsa knew what he must, but hated to say.

"I know," she had answered. "I know, Hugh."

"Mom's always been so poor. She's had to get along without so many things. I had planned to do some of these for her before we got married—as soon as I finished school. But I can't now. I can't do any of them. The only thing I can do, Delsa, is send her my allotment. And if we got married—"

"She wouldn't want to take your money then, Hugh, and she would hate it as charity if I offered to help. You're right; we are young and strong. We can wait."

They had walked along somberly after that, trying to hide the ache in their hearts—the ache of waiting because they were young and strong and others had grown old and weak waiting for them to grow up.

Hugh had come home on furlough before overseas assignment, and Delsa had felt that she could not bear to let him go again without binding him to her irrevocably. And Hugh had felt something of the same desire to cheat the fate that was separating them.

"Let's get married, Delsa!" he had begged her. "Let's get married right now. It isn't fair, it isn't right

for us to wait when we don't know what will happen."

Delsa had put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him tenderly.

"We can't, Hugh, and you know we can't. We've got obligations to others besides ourselves. You have your mother and sister—I've got a job teaching. Our love is strong enough to wait, Hugh."

Delsa's heart had felt crushed and sore, but she had known that she must be the strong one. She had planned it out so many times, and had always come back to the fundamental fact that Hugh's pitiful allowance was not enough to split between two families—.

So at last, Hugh had had to give in, and that had hurt Delsa, too, even worse than it had the boy. But she had accepted the teaching job right here at home so she could still help her mother and Hugh's with her companionship and gaiety. And Hugh had gone back to camp and then across the ocean to a far, strange land.

Delsa had been afraid of the war, of the danger and hardship Hugh must suffer, but she had never once been afraid of this. She had never once thought that anything, except death, could separate them.

Oh, Hugh! Hugh!

How could she tell her mother? Hugh's mother? They both counted on this marriage, had never thought of any other possibility. If they knew what Hugh had done, they'd be hurt and shamed, and Delsa couldn't bear to think of those two women whom she loved averting their eyes, apologizing to each other and to her.

Delsa crept into bed; and when her mother, solicitous and loving, came to see what was wrong, she said, "I've got a headache, Mother. I gave examinations today and tried to correct the papers at noon and recess. I'll be all right."

Mrs. Marriott folded the coverlet closer about her daughter, and laid a testing palm against her brow.

"It's Hugh," she said. "Oh, the times are so hard on you young people. But don't worry, Delsa, Hugh will be all right. You have to keep that faith or you have nothing."

Delsa reached up and pressed her mother's hand.

"I know," she whispered. "I'm not worrying, really. Just tired."

Her mother went out, closing the door softly.

Delsa closed her eyes against the darkening room. A March wind blew fiercely about the house, shaking the trees outside Delsa's window, shaking the walls that needed repairing, rattling the windows, loose in their frames. So much still needed to be done about the place, Delsa thought wearily; her small checks helped only a little with the ever-recurring bills.

She heard her father come into the kitchen below her, stamping his feet on the porch, wiping the mud of the March thaw from his shoes before he stepped onto the clean kitchen floor. She could almost see the pails, foaming to the brim with the fresh, warm milk, and her mother, holding the strainer while her father poured the milk into the pan.

Her mother was talking, and though Delsa couldn't hear the words, she knew she was telling her father about Hugh's letter and how it had worried Delsa because he was so far away and in danger.

Delsa thought, What if she were telling him the truth, now? What would Dad say? What would he do? He wouldn't believe it—Why do I believe it all at once like this? Why do I know without the slightest doubt that it is true?

It wasn't only her father who would be incredulous. There were all her friends, the girls she had grown up with—her crowd and Hugh's. She might meet Millie Lewis on the street and say, "Hello, Millie. Have you heard the news? Hugh's marrying an Australian girl —some one he's met down there."

THERE was a soft knock on her door and her mother came in very quietly so as not to awaken her if she was sleeping.

Delsa said, "What is it, Mother?"

"Hugh's mother is downstairs. Gibson told her you got a letter from Hugh, and she wondered what he said. She didn't get one today, and she's worried."

Delsa said, forcing her voice to sound firm and bright, "Come on up, Aunt Martha. I'm just resting —had a horrible day—exams and all."

Hugh's mother came into the darkened room and Delsa explained lightly, "My head aches from correcting papers. I can't bear the light, Aunt Martha. But Hugh's all right. He said he was feeling fine and he expects to be right there in the same place for some time. He's not in danger right now—You know Hugh. He won't say anything the censor could object to, but he sounded safe and—and happy."

Why was she such a coward? She had to tell them sometime—unless, unless she could go away, somewhere, and never see them or Hugh again.

Mrs. Temple sat down beside Delsa's bed.

"You work too hard with those kids, Delsa. Heavens, they never had a teacher before that put in so much time with them. Even Jeff Holden, good as he is as a principal, doesn't kill himself, you'll notice. But you've told me what I wanted to know, Delsa, that Hugh's all right. I give thanks every day that it's you he writes to, so I can get a crumb now and then when my own letters don't come. Not that Hugh doesn't write to me often—you know he does—but he can't always write to both of us, now can he? So it's a good thing we're so close and can share and share alike. He's not been sick?"

"No, he didn't say anything about being sick, Aunt Martha. He sounded right well."

Share and share alike! Aunt Martha wouldn't like a strange, Australian daughter-in-law. But she would have to, if Hugh brought one home.

Aunt Martha went on, "Guess what I did today, Delsa? I finished piecing that quilt for you—the double bridal ring, you know—and is it pretty! I guess I'll have to have a quilting bee to get it quilted. But I reckon it won't be difficult to get folks to help with a quilt for your hope chest."

She patted the coverlet and rose.

"You get a good night's sleep, Delsa. You take things easier. I don't want Hugh coming home and blaming us for letting you work yourself to a shadow. You wait till I see Jeff Holden and I'll give him a

(*Continued on page 371*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Wŏman's Exponents*, June 1, and June 15, 1885

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Essential Freedom: Essential freedom is the right to differ in opinion, and that right must be sacredly respected; nor must the privilege of dissent be conceded with disdain and coldness, but with cordiality and good will. No loss of rank, abatement of character, or ostracism from society must darken the pathway of the humblest of the seekers after truth, the right of free thought, free inquiry and free speech—as clear as the noonday.

Without a full and cheerful recognition of this right America is only a name, her glory a dream, her institution a mockery. . . . S. A. Fullmer.

Orangeville, Emery Co., May 10, 1885

* * * *

Editorial: Some Affairs in England—Gladstone's resignation of the position next to the Queen herself must have been a surprise to the English people, who look with such pride and admiration upon all places of honor near the throne, and especially upon any one who is in confidence of her Royal Highness. This movement will be likely to bring about serious consequences, although, perhaps the Marquis of Salisbury, whom the Queen immediately summoned to her assistance to aid in arranging matters with a view to creating a new cabinet, may manage the present crisis of affairs so diplomatically that the people will scarcely realize the radical change that is being brought about, for England has an adaptation in matters of State, whereby very grave questions are adjusted with such nicety and precision that the great world scarcely heeds it more than a ripple on a summer sea.

* * * *

In October, 1876, President Young called upon the sisters through the Woman's Exponent to lay up grain against a day of famine, and on the 11th of November following Mrs. E. B. Wells was chosen President of the Grain Association. At the same meeting measures were taken to publish a book called "The Women of Mormondom." The Relief Society in the branches throughout the Stakes of Zion have been engaged from year to year ever since in the storing of wheat, and many of them have built store-houses of their own, in which to preserve it.

Thousands of bushels have, since that time, been stored away by the sisters, and they look upon it as one of the important missions given them to perform. . . . R. C. Atwood.

* * * *

RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

Whitechapel Branch, London—On the above date (March 25th) was celebrated the eleventh anniversary of the Relief Society of the above branch by the usual concert or entertainment. The programme had received a wise and judicious censorship, and so nothing occurred or passed that could have offended the most cultured taste, or infringed in the least degree upon the rules of propriety. As Saints of God we desire to set a good example in all things, even in our amusements.

In this limited space all that can be done is to make a passing reference to a few, who, by their talents, seem to demand some notice. All, however, tried to do their best. I will here remark that the concert was graced with the presence of Elder C. W. Penrose, the talented Editor of the *Deseret News*. The song composed by him, entitled "The Loved Ones At Home," was sung by Sister Angie Cross in her usual able style. . . .

Alexander R. Clark, Branch Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE December bulletin of the International Council of Women carries a message from the Council's president, the Belgian Baroness Marthe Pol-Boel, exulting in her country's regained freedom, and expressing deepest gratitude to its liberators. She asserts that even in their darkest hour the Belgians did not doubt either their friends or themselves. During the Baroness' internment, Dr. Renee Girod carried on as acting president from neutral Switzerland, while Lady Nunburnholme, first vice-president, issued some of the bulletins from London. Says the latter, world peace will be very difficult to attain, but "every new birth is linked with pain."

IN most countries, the National Councils of Women are working for greater social security and an equal wage scale for women and men. In addition, the Belgian women are asking for: the vote; women police; a woman member of the national radio-information council; medical examinations for returned prisoners and deportees; the same treatment for widows of Belgians executed for patriotism as for regular war widows.

DURING the past year American women have had a voice in international councils. Dean C. Mildred Thompson of Vassar College was a delegate to the Allied Ministers of Education Conference in London. At the Hot Springs, Virginia, Conference on Food and Agriculture, Josephine Schain was a delegate from the United States. Mrs. Ellen S. Woodward, a member of the Social Security Board, and Miss Elizabeth Conkey were American delegates to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Conference. Our women also attended the International Labor Conference held at Philadelphia, April 1944.

OF the 125,000,000 impoverished people of Europe, great numbers of children are living in roofless homes. In many cases ten people must live in one room. There is much hunger and lack of adequate clothing and bedding.

AMONG our American WAC are 315 young Indian women.

LAST year 250,000 babies were born under the Emergency Maternity Program.

EVE GARRETTE has written for instruction and entertainment *A Political Handbook for Women*. Some chapter titles are: "Things You Want to Know About Your Constitution," "Why Do We Have Political Parties?" "How to Get Into Politics."

EDITORIAL

VOL. 32 JUNE 1945 NO. 6

President Heber J. Grant

RELIEF Society has sustained a great loss in the passing of our beloved and revered President, Heber J. Grant. For many years this organization has enjoyed the personal interest of this great Church leader. It has benefited from his thoughtful considerations, his wise counsel, and his generous support of its varied activities.

President Grant was the son of a Relief Society mother. For thirty years Rachel Ivins Grant served as president of Relief Society in the Thirteenth Ward. From the time he was a small child until he grew too old to attend, President Grant accompanied his mother to Relief Society meetings where he became familiar with the work of the Society and learned of its importance and value. He became acquainted with early-day Relief Society leaders, enjoying a personal, intimate association with these sisters. He observed their nobility of character and their devotion to duty and he has often borne testimony of their influence upon his life. In an address given at a general conference of Relief Society in 1937, he paid a tribute to these sisters as follows:

"I owe more to the love and teachings of my mother, to Eliza R. Snow and the Relief Society sisters than I do to the brethren. Why? Because I grew up from a little child in the Relief Society meetings. Mother had no one to leave me with, and I played on the floor in many of those meetings. Aunt Eliza used to talk to me by the hour and tell me things about the Prophet Joseph Smith, and it inspired in my heart a love for him almost beyond my ability to express; in fact, my mother, Sister Snow, and others, inspired in me a love for the Gospel and the Prophet Joseph Smith and the authorities of the Church by their devotion to the work of God, by their example, not by talk alone."

In a message to Relief Society women, October 1940, President Grant paid the following tribute to Relief Society general presidents and Board members: "Every president of the General Board of Relief Society has been a devout, intelligent, fine, loyal Latter-day Saint; and I have known most of the members of the Board, and they are among the choicest of our people."

President Grant has continuously encouraged Relief Society women and his blessings have sustained them. At the time of the Relief Society Centennial observance when, due to the engagement of the United States in war, the planned Centennial program had to be greatly modified and when the sisters with anxious hearts faced the trying experiences which accompany war, President Grant's words of instruction, commendation, and blessing were a guiding power and a comfort-

ing influence. He prayed for them: "May our Heavenly Father bless the mothers in Israel and all who are engaged in building up the kingdom of God on the earth. May the peace and blessings of heaven abide in your homes and be upon you and your loved ones now and forever."

Relief Society women are grateful for the life of President Grant. They acknowledge his support, the wisdom of his leadership, and the influence of his testimony. His greatest desire for us was that we live in accordance with the teachings of the gospel and that we zealously devote ourselves to the work of the Church. May we ever honor him by so doing. May the comforting blessings of Heaven rest upon Sister Grant and the other bereaved loved ones. —B.S.S.

SENTIMENTS OF PRESIDENT GRANT

If I know my own heart, I believe it is set upon the advancement of the Church and kingdom of God. I know that there is nothing on the earth that I rejoice over so much as I do in the fact that I am associated with the servants and handmaidens of God in the Church of Jesus Christ; and I do not believe that there ever is a day that passes over my head that I do not thank God for the restoration again of the plan of life and salvation, and that I have been made a partaker of the same. I supplicate Him earnestly that my mind may never become darkened, that I may never depart from the truth; that I may never forget any of the covenants that I have made, but, as I grow in years and increase in understanding, that I may grow in a testimony of the gospel and in the desire—not only a desire, but in doing it—to labor for the onward advancement of the kingdom of God on the earth.

I have perhaps announced before, but I will announce again, that in a meeting of some of the Presidents of Ward Relief Societies held in the Salt Lake Stake, which then embraced the entire County of Salt Lake, I was a child, playing on the floor. Eliza R. Snow had the gift of tongues, and Sister Zina D. Young gave the interpretation, and predicted that I should live to be one of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ in this last dispensation. Naturally, I have been very grateful for that splendid blessing given to me. At that time I did not understand it, I did not comprehend it—did not know anything about it.

I look forward with the keenest pleasure of meeting in the hereafter Hamilton G. Park, George Goddard, Bishop Nelson Empey, Bishop Edwin D. Woolley, Bishop Millen Atwood, and others who have made an impression for good upon my mind and heart as a boy. I could mention scores of others to whom I am indebted. I shall be grateful throughout all the ages of eternity to those men for the impression that they made upon me.

We may think that the impressions we make may not be lasting, but I can assure you they are, I am sure that a testimony borne by a teacher to little children, under the inspiration of the living God, is a difficult thing for them to forget.

Home Problems In Wartime

Edna K. Ward

WE who cannot carry the gun can still carry on. To our husbands or sons in the fox holes or in the jungle, thoughts of home and of mother sustain them during the awful experience and stress of war. Our duration duty in addition to war activities is to preserve the home as he remembers it.

In reviewing some of the practical problems that wartime shortages and restrictions create, let us consider possible means of prolonging the life of the following furnishings and equipment in the home:

Draperies
Curtains
Blinds
Carpets
Furniture
Linens
Kitchen equipment
Shoes

At the present time all fabrics are very difficult to replace. The new, post-war fabrics promise to be something well worth waiting for. A great many will be immune to ordinary wear and tear, resistant to soil and dust, easy to clean and sunfast. Rugs and woolens will be moth proof, blankets will refuse to shrink, and organdies and window curtains will retain their crispness.

Making our present fabrics last through serves two good purposes:

(1) lessens the demand on our present, limited civilian supplies.

(2) invites replacement with the newer textiles that will be available after the war. This replacement is a backlog of postwar employment.

Draperies and Curtains

The greatest enemy of fabrics is the combustion products in the atmosphere of our cities, especially in the winter time. These products, plus moisture, create acid chemicals that attack the substance of the fabric. If draperies and curtains are cleaned with vacuum attachments regularly through the cold winter months the wearability and beauty will be greatly improved.

1. Where there is city smoke, vacuum and brush draperies and curtains once a week during the coldest winter months.

2. Wash glass curtains when needed, using careful methods of handling, mild soaps, and proper water temperature.

3. Darn tiny breaks or holes in glass curtains with threads of the curtain material from the turned hem. (Most curtain hems are double.) Do this before laundering.

4. If stretchers are used, measure curtains before laundering and set stretchers 3-4 inches narrower to prevent the wet material from splitting under strain. All rayon loses tensile strength when damp. The new postwar material will not need to be stretched.

5. For spring cleaning, lay draperies on sheets spread on the floor and wipe with numerous Turkish towels, using non-inflammable cleaning fluid for spots.

Blinds

Most blinds are washable. These can be laid flat on the floor on a sheet and warm soapy water used with a washing cloth, a rinsing cloth, and a dry cloth. If wiped dry they can be rolled and replaced at once. Do not rub parallel to the edge—this tends to stretch the edges.

Carpets

Regular vacuuming keeps rugs and carpets clean. The rotary-brush-type vacuum should not be set too low or it tends to beat the nap out of the carpet. With the deeper pile rugs, soiling will be mainly on the surface and spots will respond to an old bath towel wrung from soapy water or moistened with non-inflammable cleaning fluids. *Never use gasoline in the home.* Many serious accidents have resulted from the use of inflammable cleaning fluids which are ignited by the static electric spark created by rubbing.

Rugs should be turned to avoid wear in places of most use. Throw rugs for places of heavy traffic are a good investment.

Stairway rugs can usually be reversed to bring edge wear on other places. Extra length tucked under at one end can be moved up or down to bring tread wear to a new surface.

Furniture

The fine surface and finish of good furniture requires very little attention other than frequent dusting. Two or three times a year the surface should be washed, using a mild, soapy water, a clean rinse cloth, and a dry cloth. Then apply furniture polish with a *damp* cloth. Allow to dry one-half hour and polish.

Light scratches and marks are improved by using a mixture of beeswax dissolved in turpentine until the mixture is the consistency of molasses and applied with a woolen cloth.

Upholstered furniture keeps clean with frequent vacuuming and spotting with non-inflammable cleaning fluid.

Tufting buttons may be replaced with a mattress needle and heavy linen twine. This tufting helps keep springs in their proper place.

Household Linens

All mattresses should be turned once a week. Mattress pads or folded cotton blankets can be kept fresh by frequent launderings. The habit of shaking all quilts and blankets at least once a month aids in keeping lint from accumulating. Changing both sheets at the same time makes a really fresh bed, rather than only a half-fresh bed where the top sheet is used for the bottom.

To preserve linens (sheets, tablecloths, napkins, handkerchiefs) don't iron along the folds where wear shows first. Small linens like napkins, luncheon cloths, handkerchiefs, and guest towels can be ironed flat, laid out on a table or rack and then folded by hand. All table linen will wear much longer if rolled. Bamboo poles on which carpets are rolled, or pasteboard rolls covered with tissue paper may be used. This is the place to utilize those Christmas wrappings you saved—for the rolls themselves and to cover the linens.

Worn sheets can be torn down the middle, the outer edges sewn together and the resulting outer edges hemmed. This will give many extra months' wear. Worn sheets also can be cut down and hemmed for crib sizes, made into pillow cases, or used as covers for summer dresses and suits stored in closets during the winter, and vice versa for winter garments.

When changing a sheet be careful

not to pull it off without first releasing it from bottom and sides.

Flour and sugar sacks used for dish towels gain appearance and life when hemmed. Our mothers and grandmothers used these sacks for children's undies. With children's clothing selling at the high prices it is today, and materials so difficult to get, why couldn't this old-fashioned, thrifty habit be revived using modern innovations?

Linoleum

Many of the linoleum factories have closed, and many are closing this spring as are also the rug and carpet factories. Linoleum can be preserved to double the wear by regular waxing. Either liquid or hard wax may be used. The writer has just recently tried a new, clear plastic paint on her linoleum drainboards that also may be used for floors. It gives a shiny, smooth appearance and claims preservation of the linoleum. These new plastic products promise to fulfill many needs in the home as they are smooth, resistant to heat and staining, and are highly durable.

Refrigerators and Ranges

Refrigerators should be cleaned regularly. Enamel is preserved by avoiding hard knocks on the inside or outside. The "handy man of the home" or the utility service man can at intervals check the fan belt, clean the deposit from the radiator, and oil the motor in the electric-type unit.

Units on ranges last longer if food is not allowed to boil over, and if the units are lifted out and cleaned carefully, but thoroughly, after each use. Turn units to low or simmer to keep foods just at the rolling boil. This helps prevent scorching, saves fuel and often keeps things from boiling over. Avoid opening oven doors carelessly or placing heavy objects on oven doors or dropping them onto the enamel. Repair service cannot be had at once, and parts often cannot be replaced.

Have a place of storage for each piece of the small kitchen equipment. This will save your time, your disposition, and your equipment, and, in addition, it will greatly improve the orderly appearance of the kitchen itself. A clean, well-organized, well-lighted kitchen is the "heart of the home." From that kitchen come many of the pleasant memories that our boys are dreaming about right now in their fox holes. And very soon after returning, it is the place to which they will gravitate.

Shoes

One of the real problems now with shoe rationing is prolonging the life of children's shoes. Our fathers owned a shoe last, an awl, a hammer and a box of tacks. Leather soles costing twenty-five cents were tacked on as the original sole began to fail. This doubled the life of a shoe and could sometimes be repeated. The revival of this thrifty custom, particularly with large families, would ease materially the strain on the budget and the shoe coupons.

Let's take care of our homes. The old things that have had loving care and been preserved are often much more beautiful than newer, flashy modern things.

Unanswered Prayers

Marguerite J. Griffin

SPUNKY our cat died, but will never be forgotten. The boys accepted the event as something from which there was no appeal, but my little daughter's heart seemed torn with the longing that it might not have been. Perhaps the boys felt these same emotions and only kept them buried. In any event, it was she who a few days later brought her disturbed emotions out into the light to me.

"Mother," she said, "while you took Spunky to the hospital, I went up to my room and prayed three times." There was emphasis upon the numeral. "Doesn't God love cats like he does people?"

There was no humor in the eyes of this little daughter of mine. This was one of the most serious questions she had ever asked me in her eight years. She had been taught to pray. She had been taught to recognize God's blessings. She had believed she need only ask and he would hear and answer her prayer. But this time—this time when she had sought him urgently thrice, he had failed to grant her request. Spunky's life had been taken.

Search your hearts, adults. Has the same question ever gnawed at your peace of mind? Have you ever thought, "It is no use to pray, God may not hear"? Can you recall, now, some of the stories that have come out of this war, of men abandoned on sea or desert, who, motivated by the sharp pangs of physical hunger, have united their voices together in prayer to God for deliverance and for food? Can you recall how some of these men, when the answer seemed delayed, ridiculed the idea that there is a God, while others kept their faith and waited in patience until the reward at last came.

Patience comes into a man from an outward source, from a faith in something bigger than himself. The captain who knows his ship well, who has faith in the skill of the company which created it for him, can ride through the stormiest squall in it, secure in the knowledge that it is a good ship and will weather the storm, whereas the humble passenger who is in ignorance of the vessel's quality, who has never before faced a storm at sea, may find his physical body torn and weakened by an overpowering terror that is worse than the raging wind and weather. However, in the handiwork of men there is always the possibility of flaws, there is always reasonable doubt. The storm might bring to light a defect in the boat's construction, a weakness in some spot that might mean danger. The captain knows this and places special watches throughout the storm. The crew becomes more vigilant. If an emergency arises—well, it is emergencies that test the mettle of men, be they passengers or captains. And there are some terrors under which the delicate mechanisms that are flesh and blood and nerves break, if they have nothing stronger than themselves to which to cling.

But there was once a Man, who, by a gentle word, stilled the winds and the waves of Galilee when his shipmates cried out in fear of the storm. He himself could have slept through it unafraid, but when they awakened him, he answered their need. He lives yet to calm the troubled heart. If he quieted the squall, can he not do as much to your fears? Peace, my heart, be still.

So I told my little daughter the story of the Man of Galilee who was God's very own Son, and how he prayed so fervently in the Garden of Gethsemane when his soul was "sorrowful even unto death" because of the thing which lay ahead of him to do. Though he was a God, yet he shrank from the pain, from the anguish of the ordeal. "Father," he prayed, "all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." Three times he offered this same plea, "If it be possible remove this cup." But the prayer was not answered because it was not his Heavenly Father's will, and Christ prayed for his Father's will, not his own, to be done.

On our part we often ask for things which are not good for us, or which would deny others. What would have happened had God spared his Son's life? What would have been our state, yours and mine? Sometimes it is hard for man's logic to perceive just why this is so, but the scriptures tell us: "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection from the dead; for as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." According to the great plan, had Christ failed in his mission, death would not "have been swallowed up in victory," and where then, would have been our hope?

Divine purposes are not always understood by the human mind, but in the family circle we come nearest to the type of heavenly things. As we are concerned with the welfare of all our children, so our Heavenly Father's work and glory is the salvation of all of us, not just a select one or two. Do we as earthly parents allow our little ones to select, as the only food for their meals, the sweets which, of course, are the most tasty to their tongues? Ask any small youngster what he would like for dinner. He may say, as often as not, "Cookie" or "Ice cream." But no loving parent would grant him that request first. For what would happen? The child would have no appetite left for milk and vegetables, the nourishing elements from which his body must grow. So he sees no cookie on his tray at first, and sometimes he frets about it, but after he has eaten the needful things, then comes the dessert, last of all. So, often, we are like children. We want the sweets of life right now, not realizing that a taste of the bitter first but makes us enjoy the sweetness more.

"Be not children in understanding: Howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men."

God's ways are not the ways of men, but we can be sure his ways are best. Sometimes I think if we could only see more clearly, if our eyes were envisioned to a time longer than the bounds of our short years, we would discern that even our worries, our troubles, our suf-

ferings, but give us greater strength for future days.

IN October of 1941, so shortly before Pearl Harbor, my husband and I took a trip in our car, traveling through some six of our Western States. This was in the days, you remember, when there was plenty of gasoline and practically no speed limit on the open road. I recall that vacation now with nostalgia, even in spite of the fact that for the first few days we were most sorely vexed with flat tires. What annoyance when our time was so limited and we wished to travel so far! What vexation as, one by one, we discovered that the new tires which had been on the used car we had bought some six months previous were filled with old, patched tubes, or tubes too large for the tires. With the little driving we had done around town we had had no trouble, but now, spinning along the open highway, it was a sequence of purchasing new tubes. This distressed us, too, for we had made a very close budget, and this unexpected expense strained it considerably. We thought fate was harsh with us.

At the moment, nothing seemed worse than the delays and expense; but the events of a restless world moved rapidly, and we saw the outcome of this experience in a very short time. Then it took no special sort of genius to realize how lucky we had been, for we were ready to face the duration with brand new tubes in our tires, whereas otherwise (perish the thought!) by now our car would not have been available for even the rarest emergencies.

We've often spoken of this and have been ashamed of our annoyance, yes, our anger even, those first few days of our last traveling vacation. Now I try to remember the lesson of the tires when new problems and worries come upon me, and I tell myself: "If I could just see a little farther, maybe this, too, will be for the best."

Paul said, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." I am learning to realize that, too, as experiences come in life. I am learning that the important thing is to love God no matter what happens to us, no matter if he denies us our petition today, no matter if our hearts or our bodies must bleed and suffer, no matter if it would seem that he has forsaken us or is scourging us with many stripes.

Have ye "forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, my son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" And while a son may be rebuked more bitterly than a servant in the house or a guest, remember that his status and rewards are vastly different. He is heir to all that his father has. "Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: Shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits and live? . . . Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of

righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

But regardless of what we must face in life, prayer is strength. Through prayer Jesus of Nazareth found the strength he needed to make his sacrifice. If prayer does not always obtain our petition for us, it can heal our pain. It can give us power to carry on.

And finally, we may come to learn as Job did a further purpose in prayer, when we can bring ourselves to ask forgiveness for those who have wronged us, even as Job did for the three men who had tormented him. It is so easy, so instinctive to pray for ourselves, but when we can pray for our neighbor or our foe, that has a reward of its own. "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job" (and you know how much he had endured) "when —" and mark you well these words —"when he prayed for his friends." Even a child can understand the glory of this.

"I shall pray for my brothers," said my little daughter. "They are sorry Spunky's gone, but they don't say anything. They must hurt a lot inside."

Oh, yes, let us pray for each other and for a pain-racked world. Let us pray for our brothers and our neighbors who share our burdens. Let us not even forget our enemies, "for they know not what they do."

New Serial

OLIVE WOOLLEY BURT in her new serial "And For Eternity" which begins in this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* has taken a situation which confronts many young people today, and around the question of the growing apart of an engaged couple, due to separation, has woven a story of great interest with outstanding character analyzation and growth. Mrs. Burt has been a contributor to the *Magazine* for many years, perhaps best remembered for her stories of the adopted orphans Janet and Steven. "The Lonesome House" which appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* for March 1945 held a great appeal for Relief Society readers of the *Magazine*. Olive Woolley Burt has a nation-wide audience. Her last story "Peter's Silver Dollar" which was just concluded in *The Children's Friend* will shortly be off the press. She has also written the following books: *Peter's Story Goes to Press*, Henry Holt and Co.; *God Gave Me Eyes*, Samuel Gabriel and Sons; *Our Magic Growth*, Caxton Printers; *Choice Recitations*, Willis Bugbee Co.

Courage Is the Word for It

Mildred Steelman

WHEN Margaret stood on the station platform with Stephen and Bill, the numb feeling which had possessed her for days melted away. All the past hectic week she had made plans and decisions, but they had seemed to be for someone else, not for Margaret Jamison and her husband and her son. The salty taste of tears made her swallow. It was no longer just any officer who was going overseas. It was her husband.

"Take care of your mother, Bill," Stephen was saying, and his voice had a deep huskiness that Margaret had seldom heard in it. But his words made her upper lip curve into a little crooked smile.

"I will, Dad," she heard Bill say. She hadn't realized how tall he was getting, almost as tall as his father. They were shaking hands like two men.

Then Stephen had her in his arms. "God watch between me and thee," he said.

Margaret hid her face against his chest.

Stephen held her close. "Oh Stephen," she said, "Stephen," but she smiled into his eyes.

Then the train was under way and he was waving from the vestibule, a tall man with a kindly face and gold oak leaves on his shoulders.

Margaret waved frantically and knew that Bill was waving, too. At last she felt the quick pressure of his hand on her arm. "Let's go, Mom," he said jerkily. "I'm hungry." But she read concern for her in his eyes.

If only he didn't have to go back to Seattle tonight, but he musn't miss any more time at the university. She was going up there herself in a few days, just as soon as she could wind things up here. Last fall she had leased their home in Seattle in order to be near Stephen. It was wonderful that the tenants were leaving, that she could have the house back.

The train was out of sight now, and for the first time she realized that the station was full of people who had come, as she and Bill had come, to say goodbye to their soldier.

Instinctively she put her hand up to see that her hat was in place. It was a little red hat and there was charm in the way she wore it. Candor and strength of purpose were in her hazel eyes.

"All right, Bill," she said, "like to drive?"

"O.K.," Bill said, and then, "Jeepers, there's Sally Sue Crandall, Julia's little sister. Hi, Sally."

"Hello," she called. "Wait Bill," and Margaret saw her running toward them, her brown curls blowing back from her face. She was out of breath when she reached them. "Oh," she said to Bill, "I thought you were alone."

Bill laughed down at her. "Mother, this is Sally Sue," he said.

"I'm glad to meet you, dear,"

Margaret said. Pretty as a picture, she thought, and about thirteen.

"Got any business to be here?" Bill asked, "because if you haven't—"

"You needn't be a meanie," Sally Sue pouted. "Cora had to drive down to Olympia on business and I came along. Cora is my stepmother," she explained to Margaret, then her face crinkled into a smile. "It was dreary waiting at the hotel, but it's fun to watch a troop train leave."

"That so?" Bill said, his voice deep in his throat.

"Gosh, Bill, you've been seeing your dad off." Sally Sue's brown eyes filled with tears, "I'm sorry."

She's sweet, Margaret thought, and that's all the more reason why she ought to be spanked for hanging around a station.

"O.K., Kid," Bill said, "we'll drop you off at your hotel."

"Well, all right, but don't you dare tell Cora or Julia."

"Not this time, but if ever again—"

Margaret looked into their serious faces and her throat ached. It didn't seem long since Bill was Sally Sue's age and there were always a lot of things for which he needed to be scolded. And now he was growing up. But she crowded that thought down. At least he had been deferred to continue his engineering course.

In the car Sally Sue chatted gaily with an occasional, "Don't you think so, Mrs. Jamison?" But Margaret was thinking about Sally Sue's sister. Surely it was just a girl and boy friendship between Julia and Bill. A couple of university kids. The Crandalls lived across the street from Bill's fraternity house.

"Brown study, Mother?" Bill asked after he had let Sally out.

Margaret nodded. At least the child had made her think of someone besides Stephen. Her breath came unevenly. "Let's get the trunks down before you leave," she said. I'll pack half the night, she told herself. I won't let myself think about Stephen.

MARGARET hung the last curtain and stepped back to survey her living room with its deep-toned rug and baby grand piano. "I don't know any one who can give a room the air of home-like luxury that you can," Stephen had once said.

"Don't forget I'm a home economics graduate. It's the artistic eye, plus plenty of polish and wax," she had laughed, not realizing how much of the latter it took until she had to apply it herself after a busy morning at the Red Cross office. Not that she minded. She wanted to be working hard to be too tired every night to think.

A shadow fell across the doorway. "Hello, Mom," a plaintive voice said, "got a handout?"

Margaret's eyes lit. She supposed Bill would always have the power to make her smile. He wasn't exactly good looking, but no one could call him homely either. Margaret loved the lean lankiness of him and the little gleam of humor in his eye.

"There are honey cookies in the old jar," she said.

"Gosh, Mom, it's swell to be back home."

"You don't miss the fraternity house too much then?"

"I'm there plenty as it is. A fel-

low likes to know he's got a home," Bill said, sitting down at the telephone.

One would think he hadn't seen Julia all day, Margaret thought. Momentarily a frown crossed her brow. She must get better acquainted with Julia.

"How about my asking Julia to dinner tomorrow night?" she asked when Bill hung up.

"Swell." Bill draped his long legs over the back of the sofa only to sit up again a little awkwardly. "I don't know how to say it but you and Julia have just got to like each other."

Margaret's face flushed crimson. "I like Julia," she said. "Are you trying to say that she doesn't like me?"

"Of course not. It's just that when you've got a swell mother and a swell girl, you want—"

Margaret felt a little prickly sensation at the back of her neck. Maybe she ought to talk to Julia. The kids musn't get too serious. They were so young. She'd talk to Bill, too, but not tonight.

"You can have Julia over all you want to now I have the house in order," she said instead. "You know me. I like to have someone to keep house for."

Bill got to his feet, put his arm about her. "No letter yet?" he asked.

"No letter," she said, her voice unsteady. Stephen had been gone a month. It was hard not knowing, not being able to picture him in some particular place.

* * *

"I didn't invite you to dinner to ask embarrassing questions, but when Bill was delayed it seemed a good chance for a chat." Margaret smiled at the young girl seated opposite her in the little room they called the study.

"I know you didn't," Julia said, and stopped.

I have upset Julia, Margaret thought, and I didn't mean to. She had brought her in here because the close intimacy of the little room made it seem a place for confidences. The slanting rays of the sun caressed the red geraniums in the window, and made a pool of light at Julia's feet.

"Forgive me," Margaret said, and because she couldn't quite help it, "You are beautiful, dear."

Julia caught her breath on a half sob. "I'm not going to pretend that I don't love Bill," she said, "because I do. And," she added after a minute, "he loves me. That's what you want to talk about, isn't it?"

Margaret bit her lip. Julia was refreshingly frank. She wondered whether it was the modern girl or just Julia. She was so sweetly serious yet full of fire and zip, sitting there in the big, blue chair. Her feet barely touched the floor, yet Margaret didn't think of her as little. Her face had the exquisite contour of a cameo, and her fine eyes were looking straight into Margaret's.

"It's because you are both so young, Julia dear," Margaret heard herself say.

"Bill and I don't want to be married for a long time." Julia's smile was wistful. "I'd hoped you liked me just a little," she said, "because I adore you."

The lump came back into Margaret's throat. "The girls have a

stepmother," Bill had said. "She was an actress before she married their dad. They call her Cora. I think she's been more of a mother to Sally Sue than to Julia. If it hadn't been for her little sister, Julia would have been plenty lonesome at home since her father died."

"Thank you, dear." Margaret smiled at Julia. Bill was sensible really. He and Julia would be all right. There was Bill now. She loved the way he tossed those two unruly curls of his back on his forehead.

"Hello, Julia, hello, Mother," he was saying. "Any mail?"

"A letter from your dad," Margaret said. "He's in the Philippines."

Bill's eyes kindled. "Gosh! That's where I'd like to be. Where's the letter?"

Margaret walked over to her desk, picked up the letter, put it down again. Stephen's first letter. She wanted to read it privately to Bill.

"I wish you knew my dad," Bill was saying. "He's a darn swell guy. Never lets a fellow down."

The sincerity in Bill's voice clutched at Margaret's heart. "Here's the letter, dear," she said. "I'll go finish up the dinner." She must get over feeling that Julia was an outsider. For her own sake and Bill's and Julia's, too, she must admit her into the inner sanctum of their home.

ONCE you let the barriers down there is no putting them up again, Margaret realized as the weeks passed. She didn't want to be selfish, yet she would have liked to have had Bill to herself once in a while, at least. Just because he had been deferred was no reason he would continue to be. Nearly all his friends had gone already. But she crowded down the nagging worry. She didn't know just how long she would have Bill. She never let her thoughts go farther than that.

They'll get tired of each other before long at this rate, she told herself one afternoon when Bill insisted on Julia's going down on the avenue with him to get his shoes shined.

"I can always get mine done, too," Julia called over her shoulder.

Margaret sat down on a low stool beside the radio. She felt her nails pressing into her palms and deliberately folded her hands in her lap. She musn't be like that.

Suddenly the music was over and a news analyst came on the air. "The manpower problem in the army is serious," he said. "Many deferments will not be renewed."

Margaret felt the tears welling up behind her eyelids. What about Bill? It was time for his name to come before the draft board again. Maybe this time—

She was crying when the door opened and Sally Sue burst in. "Hello, Mrs. Jamison," she called, "is Julie here? No one answered so I—"

"Oh," she said, when she saw Margaret, "I'm sorry. Cora says I'm always butting in where I have no business."

Margaret dabbed at her eyes with the tight little ball that was her handkerchief. "You musn't mind an old woman's tears, dear," she said, but her voice shook.

Sally Sue stamped her foot. "You're not old. You're young and

pretty. Why don't you go on crying?" She blushed furiously. "I mean, don't mind me. I'll go away. Oh, here come Julia and Bill now."

"There was too much of a line up so we didn't wait," Julia said.

Margaret glanced at her quickly. Why that casual tone? She and Bill hadn't quarreled had they? Julia's face was flushed, her eyes too bright. Bill's, too.

"Oh hello, Sally," Julia was saying. "Is anything the matter at home?"

"Of course there isn't. I mean why should there be? Say, Julie, can I wear your white dress?"

"Why, I don't know," Julia said doubtfully. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, please, Julia, I have to," Sally pleaded. "It's going to be a swell dance. I've got to knock their eyes out."

"Whose eyes?" Bill laughed.

Sally Sue looked at him pityingly. "It's the Explorers. We are having a party at Mutual." She threw her arms around Julia's neck. "Please Julie," she said.

Margaret swallowed hard. Sally's chatter was giving her a chance to get hold of herself.

"Well, I suppose you can," Julia answered. "When is the dance?"

"A week from next Friday."

"Sort of forehanded aren't you?" Bill teased. But Sally Sue wasn't listening. "Oh, thank you, Julie," she beamed. "I'll do something for you sometime." She turned to Margaret. "Goodbye," she said.

Margaret looked from Julia to Bill when the door closed after Sally Sue. "What happened while you were gone?" she asked, and in spite of herself her voice trembled.

Bill shot a startled look at Julia. "We stopped at the post office," he said, and pulled a long, official-looking envelope out of his pocket.

"Oh, Bill, your draft summons!" For a moment the room reeled. Then it had four walls and a ceiling again, and Margaret heard what Bill was saying.

"Oh, Mom." There was exultation in his voice. "Jeepers! I can't tell you how I feel. I've got to help. I've wanted to all along."

Margaret put her hand up to her throat. She had had no idea. It didn't seem possible that Bill wanted to go. She looked at them and tried to overcome the sick feeling at the pit of her stomach. They were both so young and fine. So generous.

Bill put one arm around her and one around Julia and it seemed to Margaret that he had grown an inch in the last few minutes.

"I've got to take it in my stride," she told herself, and rubbed her hand against Bill's cheek. "I'm glad you feel the way you do," she said aloud.

But no amount of remembering that she was a soldier's wife could reconcile Margaret to Bill's being in the army. She poured out her heart in a long letter to Stephen and then didn't send it. I musn't try to put my feelings into words, she thought. It isn't fair to Stephen. Instead she got out a V form. She couldn't say much on that, but it would be enough.

In the days that followed, she could only think how young Bill was, how sheltered. How little responsibility he had ever been expected to take. It's a man's army,

she told herself, and Bill is just a kid.

"They won't coddle me in the army," Bill said gruffly one night.

Margaret swallowed her tears. She must curb that longing to put her arms around Bill whenever he came home.

"Gosh, Mom, don't take it so hard," Bill was saying, "I'm not a kid. Maybe I was, but I'm not now. Julie sees the difference."

"Aren't you spending too much time with Julie?" Margaret asked and could have bitten her tongue out.

"No," Bill said. "I'm not. Gosh, Mom, I'm going to be away from Julie. I'm going to be away from both of you."

But it's harder to leave Julie, Margaret's swift thought finished. She musn't be like that. She musn't be jealous of Julia.

"I've got to tell you, Mom," Bill was saying, "I passed my physical."

"Oh, Bill!" Margaret knew she was hanging on desperately to her courage, but she musn't let Bill down. "I'm glad," she said after a minute.

Bill pushed back his hair and his young voice soared. "Gosh, Mom, I'm in the army now."

LONG before Margaret had time to get an answer from Stephen, Bill was gone. It seemed to her as if the army had opened and swallowed him up. Working all day at the Red Cross office and teaching nutrition three nights a week was important work she knew, but it left her with an aching void. On one particularly lonely evening, she wandered about the study. It had been Bill's playroom when he was a child. In the corner by the window she could still see a whole army of tin soldiers, and over by the radiator ran an electric train.

She must see the big blue chair, not these things out of the past, but when she sat down in the chair, Stephen came to play on the floor with little Bill, and together they laid more track, Bill's high trebble mingling with Stephen's deep tones. Then they were gone, and Margaret heard nothing but the ticking of the clock.

She didn't want to be sorry for herself. She wanted to make her contribution to the war as much as anyone. But she knew a lot of people whose homes weren't broken up. People who didn't have to look around and say, "My home is entirely empty now that both my husband and my son are gone. There is no one to keep house for."

The sharp ringing of the bell broke into her reverie. At the door a messenger handed her a special delivery letter. It was from Bill, and she opened it with one motion.

"Julie and I want to get married," he wrote without preamble. "Julie will talk to you about it. Be an angel and persuade Cora to give her consent."

Margaret sat staring at the letter, a little frown between her fine brows. They can't do that, she told herself. Hastily she put on a street dress. She'd go and see Cora at once. Together they'd nip this thing in the bud. Bill was just lonesome and homesick. He'd be all right a little later. Surely he and Julia had had no such idea when he went away.

He musn't now, she told herself

for the hundredth time when she rang the Crandall's bell.

Cora came to the door. "How do you do, Mrs. Jamison," she said in a low, contralto voice. "Come over by the fireplace, won't you?"

Cora seated herself opposite her. In her red hostess coat that brought out the almost purple tint in her hair, Margaret couldn't help thinking that she was beautiful. But it was a studied pose she knew as was the huskiness in her voice.

"So the kids want to get married," she drawled. "Well, I've told Julia she's much too young."

"They are both too young," Margaret said.

"Julie is nearly twenty," Cora said, "but I think she'll realize that she has duties here at home."

"Maybe I can talk to her, too," Margaret said. It flitted through her mind that perhaps they had no right to interfere in the children's lives. But she put the thought aside. Bill and Julia would thank them for it later.

"You wouldn't conspire against me, would you?" It was Julia. She came in with a little rush and put her arms around Margaret's neck. "Bill and I want this so very much," she said.

"I'm sorry, dear," Margaret began, but Cora cut in crisply, "Stop putting on an act. You don't know what you want."

Julia's eyes struck fire. "I do know," she said. "I know I love Bill and I know he loves me. Margaret knows we meant to wait." Her young lips quivered. "How do we know that there will be a tomorrow for us? Bill may not come back. We have to take our happiness when we can get it."

Margaret drew her breath in sharply. It was so like the courage of youth to call a spade a spade. When you were older there were thoughts you crowded down, didn't let materialize.

"Bill said his mother would understand," Julia was saying. She was standing in front of Margaret now and her young breasts rose and fell stormily. "I could get a job down there. We could have his week-end leaves together."

"I'm sorry, dear," Margaret began again.

"Why does everyone have to be like this? If Bill's old enough to fight, he's old enough to get married." The door slammed after Julia, and Margaret got slowly to her feet.

At home she went disconsolately to bed. Dear Stephen, she thought, I need you to help me. She pulled the blankets more firmly about her, resting her head in the hollow of the pillow, but sleep wouldn't come. She hadn't realized how much she had depended on Stephen. Julia was so young, so tragic. Was Bill feeling the same way? Oh, Stephen, am I right? she breathed.

* * *

I must stiffen my spine, she told herself the next morning, because I'm sure I'm right. Automatically she opened the morning paper. On the front page of the local news a picture caught her eye. It was Cora Crandall and under it the caption, "Former Actress Joins Theatrical Troupe. Cora Bedford Crandall Will Tour Army Camps."

Margaret sat staring at it. How can she leave Sally Sue? she thought. But of course she can if Julia is there. Relief flooded over her.

That's what Cora meant about duties at home.

It was going to work out. She wouldn't have to write to Bill and seem to interfere.

But she had reckoned without her own warm heart. It was late afternoon when Julia came to see her. "I don't know anyone to talk to but you," she said. She had the morning paper in her hand and her eyes were red. "I can't go away and leave Sally Sue."

Margaret stifled a quick desire to take Julia in her arms and comfort her. "Cora is planning to leave," she heard herself say.

"Cora is just Cora. I'm Sally Sue's big sister." Julia's face worked. "I shouldn't have made plans to go away."

Margaret felt as if her heart were turning over. Here was someone strong and courageous, able to face life. Bill was courageous, too, doing a man's part.

Suddenly she held out her arms to Julia. "Do you think Sally Sue would be happy here with me?" she asked.

V-E Day Observed

PRESIDENT TRUMAN told the nation in a broadcast at 9 A.M. E.W.T., Tuesday, May 8, 1945, "This is a solemn but a glorious hour. General Eisenhower informs me that the forces of Germany have surrendered to the United Nations. The flags of freedom fly over all Europe."

This declaration brought some comfort and hope to the mothers of the United States; however, faced with the rising fury of a continuing war against Japan, no mother could fully rejoice in view of the cruel and heartrending days lying ahead. President Truman also set aside Sunday, May 13, as a day of national prayer, and said that it is eminently fitting that the day of prayer should also be Mother's Day.

To the liberated countries of Europe and to the United Kingdom where the terrible ravages of war have been experienced, Victory-Europe Day meant a blessed deliverance from the acts of an oppressor; but to the citizens of our nation whose shores have been free from hostilities, V-E Day was only a day of observance to commemorate the end of one theatre of war—only a marker along the path of peace whose end cannot yet be glimpsed by mortal eyes. In the heavy hearts of Latter-day Saints, too, is the sure knowledge that lasting peace will not abide on the earth until the nations, in reality and not merely in name, become Christian nations—until repentance, entering into the hearts of men, dictates the acts of nations. When that day dawns then indeed will it be a glorious day.

M.C.S.

Living Safely At Home

Nellie O. Parker

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HOME is quite generally considered the safest place in the world. "Safe at home" is an axiom in everyday usage. But, paradoxically, accidents which occur in the home cause as many injuries as all other types of accidents combined, and home accidents cause more deaths than any other type of accident.

These fatalities and injuries result in an enormous waste of life and limb, a staggering economic loss, and entail sorrow and suffering that never can be measured. They wreck savings and bank accounts; bring in their train poverty, hardship, and discomfort; and increase charity demands. Hospital beds are filled with such sufferers, and the care of nurses is required that is sorely needed for sick and wounded servicemen.

According to the National Safety Council, in 1944 there were 30,500 persons killed in home accidents; there were 4,600,000 others injured, with a monetary cost of $550,000,000.

Statistics for Utah for the same period show that every second day a home in Utah suffered the tragedy of an accidental death. Every month there were fifteen victims whose lives could have been saved by a little extra foresight, a little extra carefulness, a little extra attention to commonplace dangers in the home.

No normal person wants to have an accident. His inborn instinct of self preservation and his desire to carry forward his plans and daily activities are thwarted when one occurs. It is important that every individual, especially a parent, be made conscious of the unsafe conditions that may exist in his home as well as habits of living which may produce accidents.

Everyone should feel a personal responsibility to safeguard his life and those of others—especially little children. No little child should lose his life or become maimed or crippled if foresight and attention can prevent it. Little children need constant surveillance to see that they are getting sufficient air to prevent smothering, that they do not fall or get burned, etc.

Everyone should learn to recognize a hazard in a loose fixture or frayed electric cord, a faulty furnace flue, or a pan of hot water set too near the edge of the stove; to foresee in a protruding nail, a dark cluttered stairway or an attic full of rubbish, a cause for an injury or a fire. And not only should he recognize the hazard but he should correct it.

"Safety," says the National Safety Council, "is a rule for living for every individual, and it must be

made a part of every human activity."

Safety is efficiency, it is good housekeeping. It is intelligent to keep things in order, in their proper places and in good repair. It is safe, as well as good housekeeping, to keep grease, water or ice off the floor; to keep brooms, mops, etc., stored away in closets to prevent falls. Oily dustclothes should be kept in closed containers to avoid spontaneous combustion. Inflammable liquids, such as gasoline, should not be used for cleaning. This epitaph might apply to too many:

> Here lie the remains of Lizzie Green,
> She cleaned her dress in gasoline.

Even though one may have performed a risky act without mishap once, it does not mean that luck will always be with him. It has been proved that an unsafe practice will eventually result in an accident.

CHILDREN should be taught safe habits from babyhood—to eat or drink only those things given to them as food; to put their toys away; to climb only when it is safe; to avoid touching electric outlets or extension plugs. Sharp instruments such as knives, scissors, hatchets, etc., should be kept out of reach of children until they are old enough to handle them safely. If children, as well as adults, are trained in habits of safety, they can proceed to their daily activities without the lurking danger of an accident.

Poisons should be kept out of reach and not in the bathroom medicine chest. They should also be marked in a distinctive way such as having a pin stuck in the cork. Old medicines should not be thrown into waste baskets where children might get them, nor should similar bottles be kept side by side, especially if one contains cough medicine and the other a benzoit compound for the croup kettle.

Hurrying or quick, hasty movements are often the cause of bodily injury or death. If one feels anxiety, emotional stress or illness, the individual is often not as careful or alert to hazards as he normally would be. It is a safe practice, therefore, to avoid undue haste, to try to keep calm under all conditions, and to try to use common sense at all times.

To prevent accidents should be a prime objective of everyone, but as human beings are prone to err, it is also important to know the fundamentals of first aid, and to have a working knowledge of home nursing so that life may be saved if an accident does occur.

The Accident Prevention course being given by the American Red Cross will prove helpful to the housewife who, because of her position in the home, can best be its safety engineer. It will help her to recognize unsafe conditions as well as unsafe practices in her own home.

Strive to live safely at home by being prepared: first, to recognize or anticipate a hazard; second, to repair or eliminate the danger; third, to cultivate and form safe habits; and fourth, to keep a good first-aid kit close at hand.

Daughters and Heirs

Grace S. Cozzens

CHRISTIE GLENN DAVIS sat at the head of the table, hostess to her three widowed sisters-in-law, all self-respecting widows, not a grass among them.

The mirror, opposite Christie, reflected a slender, reddish-haired woman in a smoke-gray dress that matched her wistful eyes. For quite some time she had been planning this little dinner for just the four of them, in her apartment of carved woods and wrought iron. She felt little shooting pains of fear. Not that the meal would fail to please—. No, she hadn't forgotten that Ella was especially fond of baked ham, that Olive liked broiled squab, and that Amanda's favorite dessert was lemon pie. The meal was planned to please. To open the way. And she must watch for the right opening and take it when it came.

She helped Ella to a serving of ham—Ella, that buxom girl of nineteen who had married Daniel twenty years ago. Dan, handsome, vital, had led Ella a dance, until Dad Glenn deeded him, his eldest son, a third of his perfectly cultivated ranch, and Dan had settled down to farming and fathering a family.

Christie noticed Ella had grown older by eight or ten inches around the mid-section, though she still had the serene face of a madonna, with her soft gray eyes, and brown hair parted in the middle and knotted at the back of her neck. But her meek look belied her brisk, chuckle-filled speech.

Ella owned that part of the farm next to the river. The old Bear River on which Christie had rowed, in which she had waded, by which she had picnicked when a child, and on whose sandbars she had lain full-length beside its warm, swashy waters—the old river with its never-ending theme story and song.

A Swiss bronze clock on the mantel loosed a series of soft silvery chimes.

"How grand!" Olive exclaimed. "Oh, I'd give anything for a clock like that."

"Golly, yes!" Ella chuckled.

Across the table Christie was watching. Why couldn't it have been Amanda who admired the clock? It was Manda she wanted to bargain clocks with. But practical Manda said nothing. It naturally would be Olive—Olive exquisitely gowned in folds of georgette and lace, her flaxen, fluffy curls and red lips reminding one of a fancy figurine. Olive had been a bridey-bride, but had proved to be a tyrannical wife and a resentful widow, when Lee had succumbed to a sudden heart attack. She was a feverish sort. Always wanting things she couldn't have—never satisfied with things that were hers. Olive and her four children lived in the big ranch house, with its dozens of windows, six verandas, and many rooms and closets—all crowded with memories of the Glenn family.

Amanda, Jed's wife and the last to wear the widow's weeds, sat at the foot of the table. Hazel-eyed

and thin, she was a little woman with a fighting chin. There was something solid and real about her. The auto crash that took Jed had left a little scar across her cheek.

She and Christie had gone to school together, and Amanda had often come to their house and played on the very spot of ground where Mandy's house now stood, surrounded by vast flower beds. Christie knew each rock and rill of it. Every nook where the Johnny-jump-ups and the wild bluebells came first in the spring. And the summits beyond that pierced the azure sky—Christie knew every peak.

"ISN'T this the grandest meal?" Ella chuckled. "There's no such thing as beating Chris cooking."

"That's right," Amanda said in her thin, firm voice. "Our grandmothers might have beat her piecing and spinning, but not cooking."

Christie's heart skipped a beat. Here was an opening She rushed into it. "Don't flatter me, girls," she smiled shyly. "But speaking of spinning—whatever became of my grandmother's old spinning wheel? Dad left it up in the barn loft where you live, Olive. Is it still there?"

"No-o," Olive drawled, accepting a cup of cocoa. "After Lee died the kids got it down. They have it in their playhouse."

"Playhouse?" Christie repeated. "It's too frail, Olive. A long time ago my grandmother brought it across the ocean with her—and across the plains."

"That's none of my business," Olive laughed softly.

"But, Olive, its a keepsake. It's over a hundred years old."

"That's just it," Olive said. "Who wants the old thing under her feet?" She lifted her fork elegantly to her lips. "A spoke or two are missing, but the girls still spin on it. And they have a good time."

A frantic little horror rose in Christie's bosom. A spoke or two missing! There came to her, across the years, a picture of her little grandmother in her billowy skirts and lacy cap, sitting at the spinning wheel in the corner of the old log house on the Glenn farm, her small feet deftly treading. The wheel was whirling—fibers of wool twirling into yarn. And all the while the little old lady was telling the children stories of her long trip across the Atlantic. Two months, she'd told them, she and her three children had been in a sailboat with a few clothes and the old spinning wheel. "That is," she had said, "I left the old country with three, but I buried my baby in the ocean." She would tell them that their grandpa had died in Denmark, and that his last words to her had been: "Sell everything and take the children to Utah." She had sold everything but the old spinning wheel.

Christie's eyes grew bright. They met Olive's. "Tell the girls," she said, appealingly, "that Auntie will buy them any toys they choose, if they will let her have the spinning wheel."

"No," Olive said, without looking up from boning her squab. "No. I wouldn't do that. It would be cheating you. And the girls are satisfied with it."

They all began chatting pleasantly again. Christie couldn't believe she'd failed. She musn't fail. She must beg for it.

"I'd like so much to have it, Olive," she said earnestly. "I'll pay you well for it."

"Pay me for it?" Olive laughed. "You should see it. The old thing is about ready to drop to pieces. It's not worth anything."

"It is to me," Christie said.

"Well, the girls like it and I wouldn't ask them to part with it," Olive smiled lazily.

"For lan' sakes, Chris, lay off!" Ella giggled.

Christie nodded. She musn't risk petty argument. It was understood, among all of them, that she had no rights about the farm where she had been born and reared, and where the three others now lived. The sons had inherited that. But if she could only make them somehow realize she was a part. Her underlying wishes did not represent a very great stake. There was a broader—a more fundamental want . . . now the sons and heirs were all gone . . .

She passed the jam to Ella. "Father gave his sword to Dan," she said. "I wonder if you still have it, Ella?"

"Yes. It's still sticking around."

"And has it ever been unsheathed?" Christie asked. "You know, dad said he never wanted it unsheathed." She smiled a little proudly. "He said it with the grandeur and majesty of an old soldier who had known the rigors of the battle field: 'That sword has never been thrust nor unsheathed since the day the Yankees won. And I never want it misused.'" Christie looked directly at Ella. "Has it been?"

"Has it been?" Ella laughed. "Bob and Gil use it to fence with. Bob made a wooden one to go with it. You should see them parry and prime."

Christie winced. "Isn't a sword a pretty dangerous weapon for boys to fence with?"

"Oh, no," Ella replied lightly. "I made them break the point off."

Christie jumped up and began clearing the table for the dessert. "Would you mind selling me what is left of it?" she asked abruptly.

Ella's mouth curved into a possessive smile. "You may as well cry for the moon, as to ask them to give it up."

"Do you think they would part with it for a brace of new foils?"

"I'm afraid not," Ella answered. "Besides, if it means that much to you, it means that much to me. Your dad gave that old saber to Dan and his boys are going to keep it."

Again, Christie nodded. Another bit of hope crumpled. Her stormy gray eyes met Olive's cool blue eyes. "Somewhere in the closet under the stairs in the old farmhouse, there is a powder horn, a bullet mold, and a couple of soldier caps with tiny brass guns crossed in front . . ."

"They're all smashed to smithereens long ago," Olive said.

Christie placed the dessert before her guests and refilled their glasses, while they chatted about things about the farm and their children. Her hands trembled. She sat down and braced herself for a last question, the last but by no means the least. She exchanged looks with Amanda. Then slowly she spoke.

"Manda, when the folks grew too old to manage the farm and turned it over to their sons and came to live with me, mother told me she left the family clock with Jed, since

he was her oldest living child. You remember, it was of brown wood about a foot tall."

"Sure I remember it," Amanda nodded.

Christie's voice lowered reminiscently. "It had a rounded top, with a full glass door. On the lower half, a yellow pointer dog was painted in the center of a blue circle. . . ."

"And the pendulum swung from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail," Amanda interrupted. "We used to watch it when we were kids."

"Is it still there, Manda?"

"Sure," Amanda said. "But I haven't a shelf for it. Some day I'll get one and have the old ticker antiqued, and get a new hand for it and see if it will keep time."

"A new hand?" Christie breathed out. "What happened?"

Amanda tinkered with her water glass. "One day I happened to set it on a chair and along came Sammy and picked off the minute hand. I could'a whipped 'im."

"Couldn't you have had it put back on?"

"He broke it," Amanda scoffed. "And I threw it in the garbage can."

CHRISTIE'S attention slipped away from her guests. Once again through feverish eyes she was watching the minute hand. She was in her mother's big four-poster bed swathed in blankets in an attempt to break a fever. She was fretting and watching the big hand slowly count off the long minutes until the blankets could gradually be taken off. . . . Heat pricked at her temples. That old minute hand had chronicled every event of the Glenn family. It had recorded the births of the five babies. Timed their growth. Got them to school on time. Measured the long hours and the last moments to the heartbroken family around the death bed of little Jack, an early victim of appendicitis. It had marked the beginning of her wedding reception, and finally had pointed to the hour when she said goodbye to her family and the farm and had followed Dick, a young naval officer, on his uncharted course about the world. She'd lived in many a port and had remained in one place only during the time her parents had spent their last years with her. As from a distance, she saw her guests folding their napkins. Goose flesh crept over her like a rash.

"Amanda," she said a little huskily, "now that Jed is gone, do you mind letting me have the family clock?" She glanced at the mantel. "Will you exchange it for the beautiful little Swiss bronze? I brought it all the way from Switzerland."

"Why should I?" Amanda asked politely.

"Do you think it's too much for me to want the old family clock?"

Amanda's jaw set. "I sure do. Your ma gave that clock to Jed, and it's never going to leave Jed's family."

There was a moment of oppressive silence, then the three widowed sisters-in-law began exchanging good-natured gibes among themselves.

"She's a good cook all right," Ella chuckled. "But imagine the selfish gal trying to get our keepsakes away from us."

"Heirlooms," Christie countered.

"Maybe I am selfish, since I have memories of them that none of you have. Maybe I did have my nerve asking—expecting—since sons are heirs."

The hour finally came when the guests began to take their leave. With a tired, let-down feeling, Christie escorted her kinswomen to the entrance hall to say goodbye. As they entered the sunroom a little red bird ran out from a rustic clock and mechanically "cuckooed" the hour of five.

"Oh, Chris!" Olive cried with delight. "Where in the world did you get it? I'd give anything for a clock like that."

Christie looked bewildered. "Even the old spinning wheel?"

"Even the old spinning wheel!" Olive exulted. "The kids would be crazy over it."

Christie quietly placed the cuckoo clock in Olive's out-stretched hands.

Amanda pursed her thin lips. "That's not fair," she shrugged, "giving Olive a gift from your swell apartment, and not us."

Olive held the clock proudly. "Thanks, Chris," she shrilled.

Christie looked at Amanda. "Name your gift," she said softly. Amanda scanned the room warily. Christie hinted, "How about the pair of love birds in the gilded cage?"

"The what?" Amanda raised a skeptical brow.

Christie pointed toward the window. "See," she said, "the darling little blue and green love birds."

Amanda frowned. "Oh, no," she scoffed. "Our old cottonwood trees are full of squawking birds. But, that gorgeous fuchsia with the red and purple bells—"

"Yours for the asking," Christie interrupted. Her hands were a little unsteady as she held the potted plant toward Manda. Amanda took it gingerly.

"I guess you'll want the old clock in its place," she said.

Christie nodded. Amanda laid her cheek against a bloom. "Well, that suits me all right."

Ella drew herself as erect as her chubby legs would allow.

"Lan' sakes," she sighed, "what do I get? The boys will take a duck-fit when you two march in with your gifts from Chris, after her trips around the world."

"What are you waiting for, Sis?" Christie smiled. "Choose!"

Ella laughed softly. "I'm too decent a person to mention what I'd like." Her eager glance shot across the room, touching a miniature aquarium. "But, I'm all wound up over—well, I won't say, but I know the boys'd trade the old saber in a minute."

With quiet grimness, Christie handed the fish bowl to Ella. "Relax," she smiled.

"Oh, Chris, how did you ever guess?" she gasped. "What are they, anyway? You must tell me how to feed them."

"They are guppies," Christie said, "and here are the foods and directions in full for their care."

"Goopies," Ella repeated, caressing the bowl.

* * *

In the vanishing daylight Christie sat alone. "Bless 'em," she murmured as she watched the car with

(*Concluded on page 372*)

Sand-Pile Advantages

Alice Whitson Norton

MRS. BARKER, standing at the kitchen door overlooking her neighbor's back yard, frowned when she saw a small truck back up and dump a load of sand in Betty Jane's old sand pit.

She could think of ever so many other things that would be far more delightful for her own little child than a sand pile. All the morning as she went about her household tasks, she kept thinking about the big load of sand in her neighbor's back yard, and finally, when Mrs. Draper came running in to borrow a cup of sugar, she turned upon her in surprise.

"I've been wondering all the morning," she said frankly, "just why you had all that sand piled in the back yard."

"There's only one excuse for a sand pile," laughed Mrs. Draper. "The children in the neighborhood like it."

"To me, that's just the trouble. It's like a bread crumb dropped near an ant hill."

"You mean it brings all the children running to it?" asked Mrs. Draper.

"Exactly," returned Mrs. Barker. "And that's where the rub comes in."

"That's altogether in the way you view it."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Barker asked thoughtfully.

"I mean," Mrs. Draper answered, "that a sand pile furnishes not only healthy amusement, but encourages industry and unselfishness. Now take my child, for instance. Betty Jane has practically everything she wants, hence the tendency to develop selfishness could easily be hers. So I fill the sand box with sand, then to that I add blocks of various sizes, nails, small hammers, trowels and small shovels, and a few pieces of screening and tin, and instruct Betty Jane to divide these things among her playmates when they come to play, and to respect the corners given them. In this way she learns to make use of a few things and the joy of sharing, besides. Many a successful builder, architect, and engineer has found his talent in a sand pile."

After this little lecture, Mrs. Draper reached for the cup of sugar and turned to go home.

"I forgot to tell you," she called back over her shoulder, "I needed this sugar to sweeten some cookies I'm stirring up for the children."

Mrs. Barker glanced out at the sand pile where busiest among the young engineering group was her own young son, industriously cutting a channel diagonally across the plot allotted him.

"Funny," she mused, "how some people can see so much in a sand pile while others see nothing."

And then she lifted her hand and tapped lightly on the windowpane, a signal the two neighbors used in calling to each other. Instantly Mrs. Draper's bright face was peeping through the glass.

"I'm making lemonade," Mrs.

Barker called pleasantly, "to go with those cookies—sort of a celebration in honor of the sand pile."

And Mrs. Draper, feeling at last her neighbor had caught a glimpse of the vision she had, went back to the job of cookie-making with a happy smile on her face.

The 115th Annual General Conference

(*Continued from page 329*)

or intellectual matters, but we do have the invincible truth.

Civilization is not wealth or numbers. It is the appreciation of human brotherhood and the ceaseless pursuit of real justice.

War is the outward sign of inner spiritual decay.

Give tireless watchcare to our boys. When they are around, they may be a "pain in the neck," but when they are gone, they are a pain in the heart.

Nothing has strengthened my faith more than seeing the gospel in action in the lives of our men in the service.

Chastity strengthens man. It is the source of peace and happiness in the home.

I like to think of life as beginning before mortality and enduring beyond death.

Don't substitute money for welfare assignments. Hungry saints in Europe can't eat money earmarked sugar or beef. They need real sugar, beef, cheese, flour, and butter.

I could not believe in a God who would be so unjust as to punish those who die without knowledge of his teachings.

We must gain light and truth to go on toward Godhood.

Those who oppose profitable evil or popular fallacy are always misunderstood.

I know that Christ founded his Church in this day through his prophet.

If we come to the Lord with contrite hearts and humble spirits, we cannot fail.

The Church of Christ is great in purpose, in leadership, and in historical background.

Probably no section hand in the United States but thinks he could run the railroad better than its president. Some inexperienced people, too, think they could guide the Church.

While not accountable for things we cannot know, we are held for ignorance which but for sloth might have been dispelled.

Oh, that people had a fraction of the faith in the prophets that they have in the doctors.

Whoever receives or rejects the living servants of the Lord receives or rejects the Lord.

It is in adversity and sorrow the spirit grows strongest.

The gospel teaches me that I am a son of God and a brother of Jesus Christ and therefore of most noble ancestry.

And For Eternity

(*Continued from page 343*)

bit of my mind. I daresay he puts more than half the work on you because you're young and willing. Don't you let him do it, Delsa. You stick up for your rights."

She went slowly out of the room, leaving the door ajar, and Delsa thought, It doesn't matter. I can't sleep anyway. All I can do is lie here and think of Hugh and of what I can never have."

She turned her head on the pillow and the tears came softly and silently from under her closed lids and drenched the white case. And Delsa didn't know when sleep came and dried her tears and stopped the endless, futile questioning of her heart.

(*To be continued*)

We'll Live Those Days Again

(Continued from page 337)

as they were held and just where they were held, in 1847. Nearby residents in all sections will be invited to participate.

Then, too, there will be the arrival, at the mouth of Emigration canyon, Salt Lake City, of this momentous caravan, on the exact day —100 years later—when the original pioneers arrived.

There will be other events, too, but, like the rest, plans for them must be held in abeyance—or in reserve. They may be used only if they are possible under war conditions. But a program is being worked out. What it will be is not yet known. It will be appropriate, however, for the glory of the occasion. It will live up to the traditions of Utah, as far as is possible, and will direct national attention to the State's most important event—the Centennial of its discovery and settlement by Brigham Young and the original pioneers.

Among the plans tentatively made are:

Issuance by the U. S. Government of a Utah Centennial stamp for nation-wide distribution.

Approval and issuance by the U. S. Government for permits for a Utah Centennial cachet.

Approval by the U. S. Government of a cancellation stamp telling of the Utah Centennial.

Recital of incidents in Utah history through national magazines and newspaper syndicates.

Development of Utah's cultural activities; such as dramas, pageants, and other enterprises.

Development of Utah's scenic, recreational, vacation and sports possibilities through the promotion of events to attract national publicity.

Development of national publicity for the State.

Depending upon conditions, some of these plans may be fully realized, and others developed to a lesser degree; but as war conditions permit, the Utah Centennial will be celebrated to its fullest possible extent.

Daughters and Heirs

(Continued from page 369)

Olive at the wheel skimming over the ground. She could fancy Amanda calling sharply.

"Better take it easy, Olive, or you'll jar my plant." And Ella chuckling. "My grab, yes! Or you'll spill my lap full of water and lose my cute little goopies."

"Maybe," Christie whispered to herself, "maybe the dinner wasn't a failure after all."

Flag Etiquette

EXCERPTS FROM PUBLIC LAW 829—77TH CONGRESS

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, . . .

That the following codification of existing rules and customs pertaining to the display and use of the flag of the United States of America be, and it is hereby, established for the use of such civilians or civilian groups or organizations as may not be required to conform with regulations promulgated by one or more executive departments of the Government of the United States. . . .

Sec. 2. (e) The flag should be displayed daily weather permitting, on or near the main administration building of every public institution. . . .

Sec. 3. (g) When flags of two or more nations are displayed, they are to be flown from separate staffs of the same height. The flags should be of approximately equal size. International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above that of another in time of peace. . . .

(i) When the flag is displayed otherwise than by being flown from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out, or so suspended that its folds fall as free as though the flag were staffed. . . .

(k) When used on a speaker's platform, the flag, if displayed flat, should be displayed above and behind the speaker. When displayed from a staff in a church or public auditorium, if it is displayed in the chancel of a church, or on the speaker's platform in a public auditorium, the flag should occupy the position of honor and be placed at the clergyman's or speaker's right as he faces the congregation or audience. Any other flag so displayed in the chancel or on the platform should be placed at the clergyman's or speaker's left as he faces the congregation or audience. But when the flag is displayed from a staff in a church or public auditorium elsewhere than in the chancel or on the platform it shall be placed in the position of honor at the right of the congregation or audience as they face the chancel or platform. Any other flag so displayed should be placed on the left of the congregation or audience as they face the chancel or platform. . . .

Sec. 4. (b) The flag should never touch anything beneath it, such as the ground, the floor, water, or merchandise.

(c) The flag should never be carried flat or horizontally, but always aloft and free.

(d) The flag should never be used as drapery of any sort whatsoever, never festooned, drawn back, nor up, in folds, but always allowed to fall free. Bunting of blue, white, and red, always arranged with the blue above, the white in the middle, and the red below, should be used for covering a speaker's desk, draping the front of a platform, and for decoration in general.

(e) The flag should never be fastened, displayed, used, or stored in such a manner as will permit it to be easily torn, soiled, or damaged in any way.

(f) The flag should never be used as a covering for a ceiling.

(g) The flag should never have placed upon it, nor on any part of it, nor attached to it any mark, insignia, letter, word, figure, design, picture, or drawing of any nature.

(h) The flag should never be used as a receptacle for receiving, holding, carrying, or delivering anything.

(i) The flag should never be used for advertising purposes in any manner whatsoever. It should not be embroidered on such articles as cushions or handkerchiefs and the like, printed or otherwise impressed on paper napkins or boxes or anything that is designed for temporary use and discard; or used as any portion of a costume or athletic uniform. Advertising signs should not be fastened to a staff or halyard from which the flag is flown.

(j) The flag, when it is in such condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, should be destroyed in a dignified way, preferably by burning.

Sec. 5. That during the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag or when the flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the flag, stand at attention, and salute. Those present in uniform should render the military salute. When not in uniform, men should remove the headdress with the right hand holding it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Men without hats should salute in the same manner. Aliens should stand at attention. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart. The salute to the flag in the moving column should be rendered at the moment the flag passes.

Sec 6. That when the national anthem is played and the flag is not displayed, all present should stand and face toward the music. Those in uniform should salute at the first note of the anthem, retaining this position until the last note. All others should stand at attention, men removing the headdress. When the flag is displayed, all present should face the flag and salute.

Sec. 7. That the pledge of allegiance to the flag, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," be rendered by standing with the right hand over the heart. However, civilians will always show full respect to the flag when the pledge is given by merely standing at attention, men removing the headdress. Persons in uniform shall render the military salute. . . .

BOUND VOLUMES

THOSE desiring to have their 1944 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound, may do so through the office of the General Board. If *Magazines* are furnished with the order, the cost of cloth binding, including index is $1.75. There will be an additional charge of $1 if the *Magazines* are furnished by this office.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, Former General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

RELIEF SOCIETY AND CHURCH WELFARE SEWING

Bear River Stake (Utah)

MAUDE O. COOK, president of this stake Relief Society, wrote in July 1944:

"We have completed and sent to the Northern Utah Region 17 layettes, 162 boys' shirts, 23 ladies' dresses and housecoats, 24 children's dresses, 33 ladies' aprons, 33 panties, 274 dish towels, 120 handhemmed handkerchiefs, 155 pillow slips, 13 sheets, and we have on hand finished or partly so 33 women's nightgowns, 19 ladies' slips, 13 pairs of men's pajamas, and 50 pillowslips. Accompanying is a photo of the Tremonton Second Ward Relief Society work meeting held the second Tuesday of June. The meeting began at 9 A.M. and continued until 5 P.M.; dinner was served at noon. Eighty-three women were present. They made 28 women's nightgowns for the welfare project, and for the ward a number of aprons for a contemplated bazaar, finished 2 layettes, 2 quilts, and a number of dish towels, and cut and sewed 20 pounds of rags for rugs. A similar meeting was held by the Garland Relief Society during the month of May at which 60 women were present."

All-day work meeting held June 13, 1944, by the Tremonton Second Ward, Bear River Stake.

Part of the 1944 Church Welfare clothing and bedding assignment filled by the Wells Stake Relief Society and exhibited July 14, 1944. In the picture are the stake Relief Society executive officers under whose direction this assignment was filled; left to right: Lorena W. Anderson, then counselor in charge of work and now president; Amy B. Towler, retiring president; Leone G. Layton, counselor who in June had been appointed to the General Board of Relief Society; and Cacia Margetts, secretary-treasurer, retained by the new president. Picture of another part of this stake's assignment appeared in the *Magazine* for March 1945, page 130, as an illustration for the article "The Relief Society in Church Welfare" by Elder Marion G. Romney, Assistant Managing Director of the General Church Welfare Committee.

Wells Stake (Utah)

LORENA W. ANDERSON, president of Wells Stake Relief Society, wrote last July of the 1944 welfare sewing assignment which was completed while she was serving as counselor in charge of work, under direction of Amy B. Towler, then president.

"When we received this assignment it seemed almost an impossibility to fill it under war conditions. We considered it a very large order, but we divided it and gave each one of our eight wards an equal amount. Our loyal, faithful ward presidents accepted their quota in the proper spirit, and with their Relief Society members soon were busy and very interested.

"The layettes were daintily handmade, trimmed with silk crochet edgings, laces, and buttons which could not be purchased today but which were furnished by the sisters. Our children's dresses were an expression of individual style and trim, which made them very attractive. Our misses' and women's dresses were also individually patterned and well made. All our purchased materials were as good as the market affords today, including sheets, pillow cases, and dish towels.

"In unity there is strength. Our sisters were united and willing to

A few of the 1200 coats and jackets for boys and girls being made from used coats by the Relief Societies of the Northern Utah Region as a part of the 1945 clothing assignment of the Church Welfare Program. This project is under direction of Reka Parker, chairman of the women's work directors of this Region and counselor in charge of work in the South Ogden Stake Relief Society. In the picture are Orval Dean, Regional Co-ordinator, and Pearl McArthur who receives the finished clothing at the storehouse.

work many extra days, and did so with a spirit of love and co-operation, with the feeling that 'it is better to give than to receive.' Never before in our stake has there been greater enthusiasm for the work meeting. This we attribute to the joy the women have received in contributing to the great Church Welfare Program."

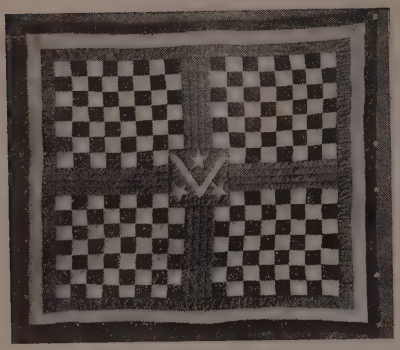
Northern Utah Region (Ogden)

REKA PARKER, chairman of the women's work directors of this Church Welfare region, and counselor in charge of work in the South Ogden Stake Relief Society, reported April 1, 1945:

"One of the 1945 Church Welfare clothing assignments for the Northern Utah Region is the making of 1200 coats and jackets from old used coats.

"The used coats are procured from the Deseret Industries in Ogden and Salt Lake City. Women from the Region carefully examine and select the coats to be used. The coats are cleaned at the Deseret Industries, and upon their return are sorted again according to sizes and styles, counted, and distributed to the stakes and wards for ripping apart and pressing, ready for cutting. In the Northern Utah Region there are 15 stakes with 128 wards, so the coats are distributed in proportion to the assignment of each stake which is governed by its population.

"Uniform styles and patterns have been selected for boys' and



Victory quilt of red, white, and blue percale, made by Sadie Jones, chairman of the quilting committee in the Provo First Ward Relief Society, Provo Stake. (Picture submitted by Inez B. Allred, president of Provo Stake Relief Society.)

girls' coats and jackets, and each stake is assigned a large and a small size to make for either a boy or a girl.

"Brother John Christiansen, a well-known tailor with 37 years of experience, kindly consented to give some demonstrations and a set of simplified instructions on the cutting and making of melton jackets to the stake Relief Society women's work directors. Later on, Brother Christiansen gave a demonstration on the lining and padding of coats for girls. Two demonstrations have been held, attended by Relief Society women from the distant Lyman and Woodruff stakes as well as the other stakes of the Region. One little woman waited in a bus depot until 3 A.M. rather than leave by an earlier bus before the demonstration was over. Two other women were given beds in the storehouse so that they might remain to see all of the demonstration.

"These stake leaders in turn held like demonstrations for their ward women's work directors. The ward leaders were asked to instruct accordingly the women who did the cutting and sewing. Written instructions have been prepared by Louisa T. Scoffield, counselor in the Weber Stake Relief Society, and two copies given to every ward women's work director in the Region.

"Seven hundred of these coats are now distributed. Many are finished and the rest in preparation for cutting and sewing. Women have taken many of the light-colored ones home, ripped them apart and laundered them in mild soap flakes, which has greatly improved their appearance.

"All buttons, linings, and interlinings are saved and used again if possible. Binding tape, thread, and some new linings are furnished by the Regional Welfare Committee."

The stake Relief Society presidency and women of the Springdale Ward taking their turn at the lovely new sewing room on the second floor of the Burley Stake storehouse. Agnes C. Hoggan, stake Relief Society president, reports that this sewing room was completed last August and has been in operation since then. A ward is assigned to sew here each Friday afternoon, cleaning, renovating, and remodeling used clothing.

Members of the Richmond Ward Relief Society, Oakland Stake, working on sewing for Oak Knoll Hospital. Standing, left to right: Laura Horn, Edna Harris, secretary; Gladys Stayner, Jessie Bradeson, Hazel Hunt and nephew, Mamie Fuller, Alvira Copeland, Augusta Morley, Addie Stoddard, sewing supervisor; Iris Smith, counselor; Annie Edwards. Seated, left to right: Lileth Jaynes and daughter Betty, Hattie Nichlos, Marie Rasmussen, Virgie Stanger, president, who submitted the picture; Jennie Scott, Eleanor McMillian, Hilda Cheek, Merl Asay, Thelma Patrick, Betty Faulkner and daughter.

Officers of the Boise First Ward Relief Society with the two beautiful satin quilts (one tomato red and one a soft shade of green) which were featured at the bazaar held November 7, 1944. At the left are Counselors Margaret Hansen and Norma Johnson; President Naomi Ruud, center; and Secretary-Treasurer Thora Rawson, right.

Boise Stake (Idaho)

OFFICERS of the Boise First Ward Relief Society submitted the following account of their very successful bazaar:

"The Relief Society bazaar of the Boise First Ward was held December 7, 1944 in the ward recreation hall with much enthusiasm and success. Eight months previous, at the April work meeting, the members unanimously voted in favor of having an outstanding event sometime in the late fall and they co-operated wholeheartedly toward this end during the several months of preparation. Committees were appointed by the executives for the following booths:

Art work—which included a display of pillow cases, luncheon sets, tea towels, crocheted articles, etc.

Apron—Over one hundred aprons were made by the members for this booth.

Baby—This booth consisted of articles for baby layette, including two satin quilts. Children's pajamas and dresses, stuffed animals and dolls were also on display.

Quilt—Twelve quilts were made by the quilt committee, including two beautiful satin quilts.

Cake—Fifty cakes were donated and sold at this booth.

Candy—One hundred and twenty pounds of candy were made by a special candy committee. The sugar was donated in small quantities by the sisters of the ward.

"Chili was sold at the end of the evening after a floor show presented by the dancing school was enjoyed by the 800 people in attendance.

"Articles and materials were pur-

chased by the Society and were made up by the members.

"Proceeds from the sale of the many fine articles on display amounted to approximately $700."

Ensign Stake (Utah)

LEONE O. JACOBS, counselor in the Ensign Stake Relief Society, of which Alice B. Steinicke is president, wrote in November 1944:

"For several years since the division of the ward, the South 18th Ward Relief Society had been in need of additional storage space. One small closet was the only available nook for the numerous and varied supplies. During 1942, first-aid kits and emergency supplies were required to be on hand in every ward, in case of disaster. In 1943 came the Church Welfare bedding project which called for huge bundles of cotton and wool batts, more quilt frames, and materials. Confusion and disorder reigned in the closet. It was impossible to know where each article was and to keep it accessible. If quilt blocks, for example, were wanted, it might take half an hour fumbling through piles of materials, stepping over sewing machines and other equipment, to find them.

"The Bishop was consulted and he and the Relief Society presi-

Vilate R. Ivins, secretary of the South 20th Ward Relief Society, Ensign Stake, is shown at the cupboard which she had built in the Relief Society room as a memorial to her mother, Emma P. Romney, now passed away, who had served as a president of the old Twentieth Ward Relief Society. Picture taken in 1944. Sister Ivins says:

"The cupboard is 8½ feet high, 16 feet long, and 22 inches deep. It has 103 feet of shelf space, 20 inches deep. The long shelves are 11 inches apart. We were told not to put the shelves too far apart. It is better to have more shelves than to overload them.

"The cupboard adds to the beauty of the room. The room is also used as a banquet room so the Bishop was fearful at first that it might be in the way, but it is not. After two years of use, we find it is adequate in every detail."

Storage Cupboards, South 18th Ward Relief Society, Ensign Stake. Inset shows lid to upper section where quilt frames and first-aid splints and stretchers are stored.

dency (Sisters Zilpha Bramwell, Lorene Chamberlain, and Agnes Manookin) toured the rooms and hallways adjacent to Relief Society quarters with a view to adding another closet. Several places were discussed and rejected because of price or unsuitability. Finally, Sister Chamberlain, welfare counselor, conceived the idea of building cabinets under the windows along the east wall of the Relief Society room. The windows are high above the floor. This suggestion seemed very practical and everyone agreed to it. Plans were drawn and not many weeks passed before the cupboards were completed. Not only do they adequately solve the storage problem, but they add charm and individuality to the room. The maple finish of the cabinets matches the woodwork, showing the beautiful grain of the wood.

"Not being sure that one width of the room would allow sufficient space, the cabinet was extended part way down the south wall. The top of the cabinet opens up with a lid and here are placed horizontally the quilt frames, also splints and stretchers for first-aid kit. Below are shelves and drawers to meet every demand. Attractive window curtains come just to the top of the cabinet, and potted plants, spaced at intervals, add to the general effect of the room. Such a pleasing arrangement could be adopted by other ward Relief Societies."

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES

North Sanpete Stake (Utah)

PEARLE M. OLSEN, president of this stake Relief Society, wrote in October 1944:

"For about eight years this stake has maintained a library depart-

ment. Each year seven or eight new books were added and the total circulated about among the wards of the stake. Best sellers in biography, fiction, and philosophy, constituted the library. Much good has been derived by the women of our stake from this source of reading material. A year ago we decided to expand our library and made arrangements with the bishop of Mt. Pleasant South Ward for use of a little-used room in the chapel. My husband built us several sections of open bookshelves, all movable, allowing for easy cleaning and rearrangement. Several members of the stake board cleaned the room and stained and varnished the shelves. We procured a used desk and got permission from the ward Relief Society to use a few extra chairs they had. Then we made a call for suitable books and combined those received with those we already had accumulated. We added some new ones, mostly of a theological nature, and some of the finer books of fiction, and biography. Through the years some books were lost, but at the present time we have around 150 volumes on our shelves. Included is a set of the *'Documentary History of the Church'* by the Prophet Joseph Smith. There are also eight bound volumes of *The Relief Society Magazine*. One of our sisters contributed *Magazines* her mother had saved through the years, dating back to 1915, and we will have these bound.

"We have found that there is a strong preference among the women of the stake for the books of a spiritual nature. Each ward has a librarian who handles the exchange of books for her ward each month when she attends stake leadership meeting, taking back to her ward those books for which the sisters have expressed preference. Last year we adopted a slogan, 'Reading as a Morale Builder.' It has been a joy to see the high type of reading —a very great percentage the works of our Church writers—toward which our women incline.

"Our library has great possibilities as a study room and source of information in our educational departments. It will take time to build it carefully toward our goal, but we are convinced it can and will be done."

Maricopa Stake (Arizona)

IRENE A. DUKE, stake Relief Society secretary, reports:

"The Maricopa Stake Relief Society sponsored a special testimony meeting for all women of the stake on Sunday, December 31, 1944, from 2 to 3:30 p.m. in the Mesa Second Ward chapel.

"Sister Ella Bentley played soft organ music as over two hundred women assembled to worship. A poem 'Home' was read by First Counselor Vida D. Brinton. President Irene L. Brown gave a brief address of welcome and bore her testimony. Seventeen women related inspirational testimonies of faith and courage, healings and answers to prayers, expressing hope and faith in the future despite the present war-torn world.

"At intervals, choice musical selections were rendered, including organ solos by Ella Bentley, ladies' trio from Tempe Ward, a Singing

Mothers' chorus from Gilbert Ward, and a ladies' chorus from Mesa Fourth Ward.

"This inspirational meeting brought solace and renewed courage to the women of this stake."

Members of the Downey Ward Relief Society, Portneuf Stake, with the 52 Christmas boxes they packed early last October for overseas shipment to servicemen from Downey Ward. They observed a minute of silent prayer before packing the boxes. On November 21, they packed boxes for the boys stationed in the United States. Helen Hyde is president of this ward Relief Society. Picture submitted by Lila Bloxham, secretary.

A PARENT'S PLACE

Inez Stevens Cooper

Baby hands reach eagerly
To grasp the world.
The hands of humankind
Stretch toward the child.
The parent stands between
To assure the handclasp
Shall be firm
And friendly.

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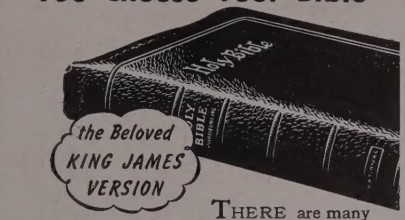

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